JULY 22, 1977

n. F. Buckley Jr. on
EE ABORTION, ANYONE?
—see page 845

# NATIONAL REVIEW

wo political prisoners write to their wardens in Moscow and in Santiago.... David Rowe surveys the danger spots in the Far East.... From Johannes Eff: Vladimir Nabokov interviews Madame Butterfly ("Poor Butterfly, come into my net; you are the handsomest and most exotic of lepidoptera yet").... And e

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IBM Reports

# Information: a resource that's helping us manage our other resources better.

World population is increasing at more than 200,000 every day. It is expected to double in the next 25 years. Where will the additional food come from? What of the other resources needed to sustain economic growth and provide a better life for the individual on this shrinking planet?

The supply of many of our resources is finite, and our rate of use, alarming. For example, consumption of mineral resources has been soaring throughout the world. This country alone has consumed more minerals and mineral fuels in the last 30 years than all of mankind used in all previous history.

Finding new deposits of these finite resources—and, where possible, developing alternate sources—must obviously go hand in hand with more careful management of what we consume. Supplies of replenishable resources—food, fibers, timber—can fortunately be expanded by human effort, but the required scale of increase poses an awesome challenge.

Most critical of all, the sustaining resources of life itself—air, water and land—must be protected from mounting dangers in our ever more crowded, more industrialized world.

In the struggle to manage our resources more effectively, information is proving to be an immensely valuable ally. Thanks to rapidly advancing information technology, it has become a vital resource in its own right.

Information is the essence of IBM's business: providing products to record it, process it, communicate it, store it, and retrieve it.

Computers are being used in the effort to locate new sources of oil, gas and minerals. They are being used to explore ways to apply solar and geothermal energy, to maximize hydroelectric power output and to reduce energy consumption in buildings without sacrificing comfort or safety.

Computers are processing information about soil chemistry, climate, pest resistance and plant genetics—helping in the campaign to produce more abundant food crops. They are aiding in smog control, investigating ozone depletion, contributing to improved water purification.

There are many other examples. All, like these, have been made possible by innovation in information technology.

Clearly, better management through modern information technology is only part of the solution to our resource problems. But it is an important part.

IBM will continue to advance technology in many areas to develop better ways to help people use the vital and productive resource called information.

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# THE LONGER WE BUILD THEM THE LONGER THEY LAST.

*In 1966, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden was 12 years. Latest figures show it's up to 16 years.*

If how long a car lasts is any indication of how well it's built, you'll be interested to know that Volvos have been lasting longer.

Latest figures from the Swedish Motor Vehicle Inspection Company show that in the last ten years, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden has increased by 37%.

We can't guarantee a Volvo will last the same length of time in this country. But it's nice to know the potential for survival is there.

Of course, reducing the speed with which a Volvo travels to the junkyard isn't the only improvement we've made in ten years. We've also found a lot of ways to make that trip safer and more enjoyable.

We've introduced rack and pinion steering because it's surer and more precise.

We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride, even over unimproved roads.

We've redesigned our engines to make them faster and more efficient.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264 cam V-6—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

We've also made the inside of a Volvo a more comfortable place to spend the years.

We've added a 12-outlet heating and ventilation system that keeps the air continuously fresh.

In 1964, we introduced orthopedically-designed bucket seats. Which we've been improving ever since.

Volvo seats now adjust in eight different directions. They have lumbar supports that you can firm or soften against the small of your back. And on the Volvo 264, the driver's seat is heated.

When it comes to safety, no one demands more of Volvo than Volvo.

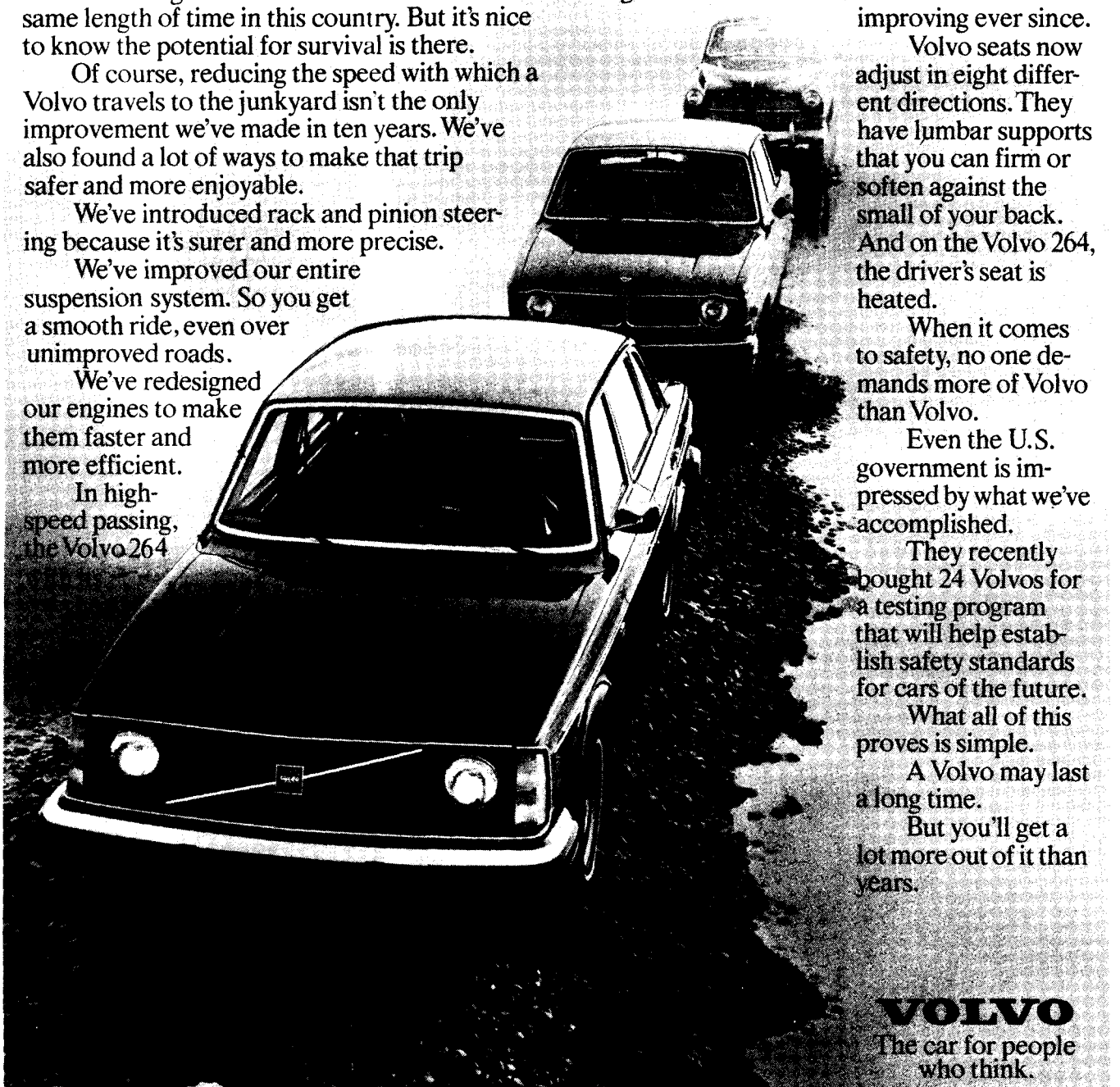
Even the U.S. government is impressed by what we've accomplished.

They recently bought 24 Volvos for a testing program that will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

What all of this proves is simple.

A Volvo may last a long time.

But you'll get a lot more out of it than years.



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# NATIONAL REVIEW

JULY 22, 1977
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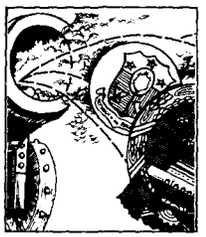

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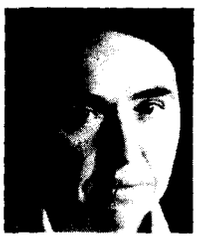

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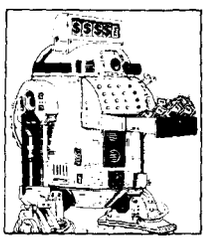

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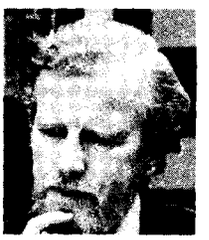

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### Two Prisoners


822 **Statement by Prisoner H. I. Butman to the Chief of the Perm Administration of Corrective Labor Establishments (ITK-35)**
Hillel Butman's wife and two children are in Israel. Although his soul is with them, his body is thousands of miles away in a Soviet prison camp in the foothills of the Urals. However, unlike many of his fellow prisoners, not the cold nor the hunger nor the mockeries nor the humiliations have bent him. *Hillel Butman*

826 **Prayer under Duress**
Dr. Sheila Cassidy went to Chile, her mind filled with visions of the grand life. Three years after the coup that overthrew Allende she was in a junta prison being threatened with death for treating a wounded revolutionary. She survived—with the help of something she had been running away from for twenty years. *Sheila Cassidy*

829 **Danger Spots in the Far East**
"The stark fact is that if the United States should reduce its security guarantees to the Republic of China to the level of a mere 'verbal assurance,' the ROC will have no alternative but to seek help from Russia." *David Nelson Rowe*


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821 **Picking the Lock**
There is a genuine as well as a phony difference between Moscow and the Communist parties of France and Italy. The genuine difference is that the French and Italian Communists think their parties have matured to the point where they are ready to take power. *James Burnham*

831 **Schism in the Church**
The clergy and intellectuals of the Catholic Church are divided by schisms on at least three major points: Marxism; democratization; and Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre. *Malachi B. Martin*


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Diana Trilling can turn a phrase—but why bother turning them on such ephemera as Mark Rudd? *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

833 **Exhaustion**
With *Falconer*, possibly his last novel, John Cheever enters the twentieth century—unsatisfactorily. *D. Keith Mano*

834 **Berryman's Fate**
Right up to his death, John Berryman gratified the one oral urge he couldn't do without. *Henry's Fate* is the fourth volume of his poems to appear since his suicide in 1972. *Robert Atwan*

836 **Facing the Furies**
The last volume of Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick's Frost trilogy doesn't solve the enigma of that lying, quarreling, God-haunted man, but it does provide the clues. *Herbert Kenny*

837 **Hero Worship**
If John G. Hubbell's *POW* had devoted more attention to Abel Larry Kavanaugh, *POW* would have been a better book. *Robert Merry*

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*Nemesis at Potsdam*: "a history of the conning of the West, by itself as by its enemy, into supporting Soviet crimes and Soviet domination." *Norbert Muhlen*

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*Rocky* + *Jaws* + *The Exorcist* = *Star Wars*. *David Brudnoy*

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A look at *The New York Review of Books*' back pages, where the horny highbrows shop. *Michael Barton*

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Three examinations of the British disease. *M. Stanton Evans*

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# Letters

## The Sparrow's Fall

"The Nuclear Test Ban: A Dangerous Anachronism," by S. T. Cohen and W. R. Van Cleave [July 8], made fascinating reading, though only in the sense of, Tell me, doctor, I'd rather know the worst.

The United States' main problem seems to be that no one at the highest levels of government will acknowledge that we and the Soviet Union are not playing the same ballgame. When we talk about disarmament, we are talking about disarmament. When they talk about disarmament, they are talking about stealing a march on us. This Administration's negotiating team is standing firmer than its predecessor, and for that it should be applauded. But the critical question is whether we could safely sign *any* agreement the Soviet Union would be willing to sign. Cohen and Van Cleave say no, and the impressive detail they supply has unfortunately convinced me—unfortunately, because I doubt the powers that be will act upon their warning.

*Chicago, Ill.* JULIE WILCOX

## Sitting Ducks

Richard L. Barkley, in "The N-Boat Standoff" [June 10], warns Americans east of the Mississippi that they are in a prime target area. That statement is true because the area includes the center of government and of industrial strength, but it is true for the further reason that much of the power to counterattack—the ICBM force—is located there. It is obvious that the enemy must destroy our power to retaliate at the outset.

Does the nation understand that after five years of construction and the expenditure of $7 billion, it was briefly the owner and operator of the most advanced antiballistic missile system ever devised? After thirty days of operation, the U.S. Congress, led by Senator Kennedy, voted to dismantle it. Kennedy and his followers despoiled their country of its only defensive installation against nuclear attack.

If Watergate involved "high crimes and misdemeanors" how do you classify the betrayal of a nation's defense?

*Langdon, N.D.* ROBERT Q. PRICE

## Salus Populi

I am not an unqualified admirer of NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial policy, but I thought that the editorial in your June 10 issue, "President and Law," was the best essay in political philosophy that I have read in a long time. If you can send me a copy of your June 10 issue, I will gladly pay postage and other fees.

*Hammond, Ind.* CHARLES J. TAGGART

## Public Money, Public Control

Ernest van den Haag's article on reverse discrimination [April 29] runs off in the wrong direction. The problem is that the state is handing out billions of dollars of subsidies to education, and once it does, it sets the rules.

The need is to attack all public adult education. There isn't a person who can't afford to pay for his own, by savings, earnings, or borrowing against future income (since that income will be substantially higher than it would have been otherwise). If everyone paid his own way, by borrowing if he couldn't pay now, there'd be plenty of room for those, white or black, who had the gumption to take on that responsibility. There'd be a lot fewer college students, of course; but as it is, we are vastly overtrained—e.g., 138,000 surplus teachers for whom there are no teaching jobs.

*Plantation, Fla.* THOMAS S. BOOZ

## Exposé

Sometimes the humor of NATIONAL REVIEW catches me off guard, and so it was with "The Bentleg Solution" [June 10]. I looked at a map of Minnesota and found Good Thunder, Ten Strike, and Sleepy Eye, but no Bentleg.

What a relief! Joseph McGrath almost had me believing there really was a judge who was that dictatorial and a community filled with people so irresponsible they would allow such a situation.

Even in this age of judicial tyranny, McGrath has quite an imagination to create a town whose citizens would allow their children to be permanently adopted in order to satisfy a judge trying to interpret an impossible law.

WILLIAM O. BRADFORD

*Santa Maria, Calif.*

## Whistling Dixie

As a devotee of Walker Percy, I must register dissatisfaction with Richard Ford's essay on the gentleman and his works ["Not Just Whistling Dixie," May 13].

It is evident that Mr. Ford read merely the surface of *Lancelot*, completely overlooking the symbolic allegory within. Mr. Ford has passed through the four volumes of fiction that Percy has given us without noticing that *Lancelot* is a culmination of character development having its roots in the previous three. The secret of Percy's characters is their duality: Binx's brinkmanship in dealing with the real world and the movie mythology, Will Barrett's amnesia and his moments of astounding observation, Thomas More's swings be-



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# The Ultimate Tax Shelter

by
TED NICHOLAS

Tax experts are now referring to a small, privately owned corporation as "The Ultimate Tax Shelter." This is especially true since the passage of the Tax Reform Act of 1976. This law makes most former tax shelters either obsolete, or of little advantage. Investments affected include real estate, oil and gas drilling, cattle feeding, movies, etc. These former tax shelters have lost their attractiveness. Aside from that, these tax shelters required a large investment. Only a small segment of the population could benefit from them.

I've written a book showing how you can form your own corporation. I've taken all the mystery out of it. Thousands of people have already used the system for incorporation described in the book. I'll describe how you may obtain it without risk and with a valuable free bonus.

A corporation can be formed by anyone at surprisingly low cost. And the government encourages people to incorporate, which is a little known fact. The government has recognized the important role of small business in our country. Through favorable legislation incorporating a small business, hobby, or sideline is perfectly legal and ethical. There are numerous tax laws favorable to corporate owners. Some of them are remarkable in this age of ever-increasing taxation. Everyone of us needs all the tax shelter we can get!

Here are just a few of the advantages of having my book on incorporating. You can limit your personal liability. All that is at stake is the money you have invested. This amount can be zero to a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. Your home, furniture, car, savings, or other possessions are not at risk. You can raise capital and still keep control of your business. You can put aside up to 25% of your income tax free. If you desire, you may wish to set up a non-profit corporation or operate a corporation anonymously. You will save from $300 to $1,000 simply by using the handy tear-out forms included in the book. All the things you need: certificate of incorporation, minutes, by-laws, etc., including complete instructions.

There are still other advantages. Your own corporation enables you to more easily maintain continuity and facilitate transfer of ownership. Tax free fringe benefits can be arranged. You can set up your health and life insurance and other programs for you and your family wherein they are tax deductible. Another very important option available to you through incorporation is a medical reimbursement plan (MRP). Under an MRP, all medical, dental, pharmaceutical expenses for you and your family can become tax deductible to the corporation. An unincorporated person must exclude the first 3% of family's medical expenses from a personal tax return. For an individual earning $20,000 the first $600 are not deductible.

Retirement plans, and pension and profit-sharing arrangements can be set up for you with far greater benefits than those available to self-employed individuals.

A word of caution. Incorporating may not be for you right now. However, my book will help you decide whether or not a corporation is for you now or in the future. I review all the advantages and disadvantages in depth. This choice is yours after learning all the options. If you do decide to incorporate, it can be done by mail quickly and within 48 hours. You never have to leave the privacy of your home.

I'll also reveal to you some startling facts. Why lawyers often charge substantial fees for incorporating when often they prefer not to, and why two-thirds of the New York and American Stock Exchange companies incorporate in Delaware.

You may wonder how others have successfully used the book. Not only a small unincorporated business, but enjoyable hobbies, part time businesses, and even existing jobs have been set up as full fledged corporations. You don't have to have a big business going to benefit. In fact, not many people realize some very important facts. There are 30,000 new businesses formed in the U.S. each and every month. 98% of them are small businesses; often just one individual working from home.

To gain all the advantages of incorporating, it doesn't matter where you live, your age, race, or sex. All that counts is your ideas. If you are looking for some new ideas, I believe my book will stimulate you in that area. I do know many small businessmen, housewives, hobbyists, engineers, and lawyers who have acted on the suggestions in my book. A woman who was my former secretary is incorporated. She is now grossing over $30,000 working from her home by providing a secretarial service to me and other local businesses. She works her own hours and has all the corporate advantages.

I briefly mentioned that you can start with no capital whatsoever. I know it can be done, since I have formed 18 companies of my own, and I began each one of them with nothing. Beginning at age 22, I incorporated my first company which was a candy manufacturing concern. Without credit or experience, I raised $96,000. From that starting point grew a chain of 30 stores. I'm proud of the fact that at age 29 I was selected by a group of businessmen as one of the outstanding businessmen in the nation. As a result of this award, I received an invitation to personally meet with the President of the United States.

I wrote my book, **How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50,** because I felt that many more people than otherwise would could become the President of their own corporations. As it has turned out, a very high proportion of all the corporations formed in America each month, at the present time are using my book to incorporate.

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tween "angelism" and rage. In the combination of Lancelot and Percival we are given one complete character—the human and the divine—rent into two symbolic entities.

Mr. Ford asserts that Lancelot's character seems incomplete; and naturally so, as we are offered exactly that by Percy. Lancelot's totality can only come about by the melding of his character with Percival's, hence the ending dialogue of the novel, which becomes intelligible only when viewed under these circumstances.

In attempting an analysis one must first consider the intent of the author, and subsequently his success in attaining that end. Mr. Ford has done neither, and certainly owes *Lancelot* a second reading.

*Chalmette, La.* LOUIS A. GALIANO

I found of interest Richard Ford's essay on Walker Percy; but I must take issue with Ford when he says, "The south [sic] has become the regrettable 'Sunbelt,' in case you haven't noticed." Ford's practice of using the lower case *s* when referring to the South, while capitalizing that upstart term "Sunbelt," is one of those little mistakes which cry aloud of a very large misunderstanding of our history.

The South, a land with a history that goes back almost four centuries, has not, in the twinkling of an eye, "become the . . . 'Sunbelt.'" If the "Sunbelt" really is anything more than one of those shorthand terms of journalism, the most that can be said about its relation to the South is that an amputation of an extremity of the historic South has contributed to its territory—to wit, Florida, especially its ocean-front real-estate developments. What has really happened to the South, "in case you haven't noticed," is analogous to what has befallen Japan since WWII. It has suffered a lamentable degree of Americanization and the alienation of a little territory. But who calls Japan "japan," or "U.S.–Far East"? To do so makes the present of a people discontinuous from its past, which is a key goal of the Left but something the Right is on its guard against.

Finally, one should keep in mind that for every Atlanta the South still has a Charleston; and that for every rootless suburban housing development with its fair share of immigrants from the Midwest, the South has, without number, crossroads, hamlets, and small towns whose people are indigenous and where life, though very much changed and still changing from what it was a generation ago, continues to be rooted in a region's historic past.

*Stanford, Ky.* JAMES L. NICHOLSON

### Correction

Correction, please (to Ruth Berenson's article "Whose Berlin?" May 13): Anwar al-Sadat is President of the Republic, not Prime Minister, of Egypt. The PM is Mr. Mamdouh Salem.

As to the efficacy of the Tutankhamun exhibition, the other side owes much of its success (its foundation and survival, really) to sympathy-engineering. It's only sportsmanlike to allow the Egyptians a turn at bat by packing off Tut's treasures to the U.S. and sending Pharaoh (not Prime Minister) Ramses II on a mission to Paris.

*Cairo, Egypt* MICHAEL W. ALBIN

### Rhodesia's Future

"The Other Side of the Coin" [March 18] by R. W. Thompson is unfortunately the way it is in black-ruled Africa. For some reason Western observers have portrayed Kenya as the ideal multiracial state. However, as Mr. Thompson stated, Kenya is a virtual dictatorship and ranks quite low on the human rights totem pole. Listening, Mr. Carter?

But *this isn't just Kenya:* it's black Africa. When the despots take over, it's your mistake if your skin is white or brown. It's hard to figure why President Carter or Mr. Young wishes to enslave the six million Rhodesians. Today in Rhodesia any crackpot or nationalist self-interest group can freely speak its mind in the newspaper or on RBC-TV. Will this still be the case under majority rule?

Power-sharing: yes. Majority rule: for-


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**get it, chump. But of course neither President Carter nor Mr. Young will have to live with black despotic rule if it comes.**

*Selukwe, Rhodesia* RON ZAGER

## Assessing Motives

In his review of Andrew Greeley's book *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait* [April 15], M. J. Sobran Jr. reinforces an incorrect perception of Catholic attitudes.

As a working-class Catholic ethnic who has spent four years trying to stimulate interest in the Right to Life movement, I have found that most of the reluctance to become involved has little to do with "not imposing their morality."

When people speak frankly, more often than not their motive turns out to be socio-economic or even racist. They translate every abortion performed on a minority or unwed mother into one fewer welfare client to be supported by their tax dollars.

Greeley and Sobran could have greater influence by more accurately assessing the motives of whatever group they are discussing, and then pointing out the fallacies on which these motives are based.

*Chicopee, Mass.* MICHAEL V. GOONAN

## Our Roots

Three cheers for Forrest McDonald. As a member of his "small, oppressed minority of unreconstructed Hamiltonian Federalists," I was delighted to read his review of Merrill D. Peterson's new book on Adams and Jefferson [March 18].

I have been greatly distressed by the trend in conservatism to "capture" Jefferson as the movement's standard-bearer. Only an attempt to capture Thomas Paine would be more disastrous. Jefferson gets quoted too often out of context. His statements against governmental power were directed at a government in conservative (i.e., Federalist) hands. It is equivalent to quoting McGovern two hundred years from now as a right-winger because he opposed defense spending, the draft, HUAC, and a strong foreign policy.

Conservatives, even of the libertarian variety, are loyal supporters of the Constitution. It would be nice if they stayed consistent enough to support the memory of the Founding Fathers who wrote and defended the document. It was Hamilton who penned the majority of *The Federalist Papers*, still the best guide to humane government, while Jefferson was in France extolling Rousseau. And it was Federalist political philosophy that advocated industrial development within the capitalist framework and a foreign policy based on national interest and negotiation from strength.

With everyone checking his "roots" these days, it might be wise for conservatives to check their own.

*Knoxville, Tenn.* WILLIAM R. HAWKINS



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### Quibble

It is foolish of John Chamberlain to say [May 27] that Lindbergh made "the first continent-to-continent trans-Atlantic flight (there had been island-hopping flights before)." This is presumably a reference to the Alcock-Brown non-stop flight from Newfoundland to Ireland made fully eight years earlier, or one-third of the way back to the first airplane flight.

Anyway, didn't Lindbergh take off from Long Island? Didn't he land (watch out now) in the Ile de France? As Chamberlain might say, just another island-hopping flight.

*Montreal, Quebec* ROBERT E. BELL

### How Much Do We Pay?

The proposal by W. M. Woods ["Letters," Feb. 4] seems to be a valuable one, and it has inspired me to make another. It would take only a simple act of Congress and would, I think, have very considerable beneficial effects.

Under my proposal, Congress would provide that the Treasury (or the Council of Economic Advisors or anyone else we wish) should make up an estimate of the total taxes paid by each citizen in the United States. Since many of the taxes are indirect, this estimate would, of necessity, be only an approximation, but a fairly good approximation could be made. Further, if the Treasury underestimated the tax to one citizen, it would have to overestimate the tax to another in order to make the total come out properly. This estimate would then be mailed, in the form of a computer print-out, to each citizen along with his income tax forms in January of each year. If the Treasury wished, of course, we could have a separate mailing at the end of the fiscal year instead of at the end of the calendar year, but it does not seem that this would make very much difference. This proposal has the advantage that it's very hard to argue against. It would cost very little, it would surely improve public information, and it would probably have quite a considerable effect on the size of the budget in the long run.

The Woods proposal, by the way, could be altered slightly in order to make it more readily acceptable. Instead of having the individual donor actually send his checks to the recipient, he could simply pay his taxes as he now does and receive, in the form of a computer print-out, a statement that he was, let us say, paying 7.5 per cent of the relief payments to Mrs. Smith and her four children who live not too far from him. This would probably have almost the same effect as actually sending the checks, and it would involve less in the way of institutional change.

*Blacksburg, Va.* GORDON TULLOCK
Center for Study of Public Choice
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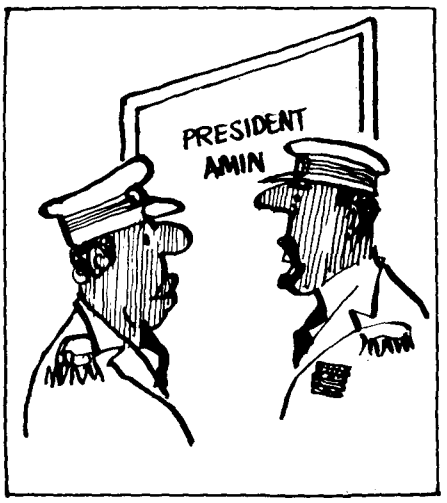
# FOR THE RECORD

■ More surprises on the Hill: Why hasn't a Democratic Congress given a Democratic President what he wants? Answer, according to Representative **Tom Foley**, chairman of the House Democratic Caucus: the 60 per cent of the House Democrats who have been elected since 1970 and don't believe in party regularity. "When the whips tell the members, 'The committee wants you to vote with them on this,' the younger members reply: 'Don't tell me what the committee wants, tell me what the issue is.'" . . . ADA spokesman **Leon Shull** agrees that things are snafu'd. "We're distressed," he says. "**Jimmy Carter**'s somewhat to the left of what I expected, but Congress has been somewhat to the right." And he adds: "There's no doubt the House is in a conservative mood." . . . Rep. **David Obey** (D., Wis.), out of whose committee came the new ethics code, puts various conservative victories (on common-site picketing, instant registration, school busing, abortions on Medicaid) down to liberal-labor complacency. "The only group doing any effective lobbying right now," says Obey, "is the right wing." . . . *Wall Street Journal* provides a rundown of how congressional leaders are seen by the White House. **Robert Byrd**, Senate Majority Leader, "prickly"; **Jim Wright**, House Majority Leader, hipped on water projects, reads Carter sermons; **Tip O'Neill**, Speaker of the House, more cooperative, "you can play ball with Tip."

■ It's already started, the attack on the cruise missile and other new weapons systems. Says **Louis Schneider**, executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, the Administration should curb the cruise missile since it "is an even more dangerous destabilizing force than the B-1." . . . The **Arms Control and Disarmament Agency** has released a report warning that development of the new neutron artillery projectile and the Lance missile warhead could hurt strategic talks with the Soviet Union. For instance, both the Lance and the neutron artillery shell need further underground testing: U.S. and Soviet negotiators are now discussing a total ban on such tests (see article by S. T. Cohen, Wm. Van Cleave, *NR* July 8). . . . New thoughts on why Carter came down so hard on General **Singlaub**: he wanted to ward off possible criticism of SALT talks by other high-ranking military men.




Gurbutt Rothco

**"What fool was it who said, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'?"**

■ Unlike Gov. **Hugh Carey**, Jimmy Carter says he will give his support to no one in the complex New York mayoralty primary; then he will support the Democratic candidate. Carey has said he will support **Cuomo** rather than **Beame** even if Beame wins the primary. . . . In Massachusetts, conservative Republicans are trying to draft **Avi Nelson**, the popular radio broadcaster (Station WMEX) to run against Sen. **Edward Brooke** next year. . . . Rep. **John Ashbrook** (R., Ohio) has signed a fundraising letter for former **Ronald Reagan** aide **Jeff Bell**, who plans to challenge **Clifford Case** in the GOP senatorial race in New Jersey. Ashbrook points out that Republican Case has a more liberal voting record than **McGovern**, **Humphrey**, and **Kennedy**. . . . Yet another astronaut, **John Swigert Jr.**, wants to make it to the Senate. Swigert has announced against freshman Democratic Sen. **Floyd Haskell** in Colorado. . . . And in Texas, Rep. **Bob Kreuger**, a leader in the fight to have natural gas deregulated, has announced he'll run against Republican Sen. **John Tower** (another deregulator) next year. . . . Liberal Republican Congressman **Charles Whalen** of Ohio, who had toyed with idea of switching parties, now says he'll retire when his term is up. (It is alleged that he faced major primary fight and, under Ohio law, he couldn't yet run as a Democrat.)

■ Looking at news through Communist eyes: From a week's *Daily World*: The reason **Barbara Walters** was so hard on **Fidel Castro** was that the directors of ABC are all capitalists, and hence down on socialist Cuba. . . . The reason **Solzhenitsyn** has always hated **Lenin** is that his father was an officer in the Czarist army and his grandfather was a brutal landowner: ergo if it hadn't been for Lenin and the October Revolution Solzhenitsyn would have been a rich man. . . . When the Illinois Communist Party decided to expel Chicago Guild Bookstore owner **Gil Terry** it did so to "strengthen the democratic life of the party."

■ Sighted in the **Seabrook, New Hampshire** nuclear plant area, bumper stickers reading: "Out of Work and Hungry? Eat an Environmentalist."



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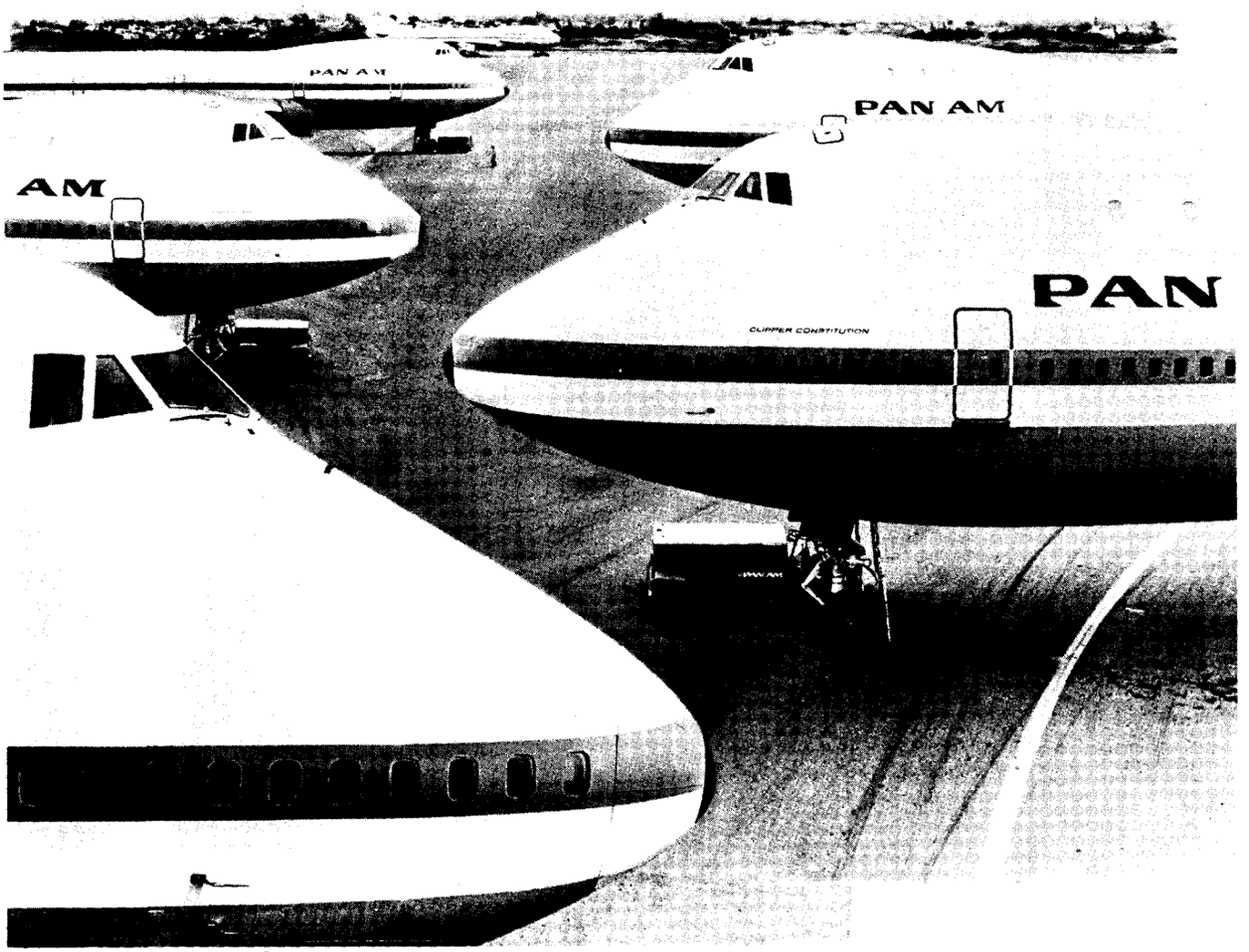


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# THE WEEK

■ We're pleased to report that preparations for the coronation of Jean-Bedel Bokassa, emperor of the Central African Empire, are going smoothly. The jeweled crown, sceptre and orb, the golden throne have been ordered from France and a French horse-breeder has been commissioned to supply the 130 horses that will draw Emperor Bokassa's gilded coach through the streets of Bangui, seat of Bokassa's empire. As happened during Queen Elizabeth's recent festivities, Bokassa's gala will undoubtedly be criticized by the pennypinchers, but a glimpse at the royal workload might make them reconsider. Not only does Bokassa fulfill the duties of emperor, he is also (as of this writing) Life President, Marshal of the Central African Empire, Defense Minister, Keeper of the Seal, Chief Executive of the Government, Minister for Ex-Servicemen and War Veterans, Minister of the Civil Service, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, and signer of all the imperial checks. So great are his duties that he has had to assign somebody else to the post of Minister of the Imperial Car Pool.

■ The $4-billion public works bill signed in May was supposed to "create" 600,000 jobs for well-paid construction workers (as though the money came from nowhere), but the estimate has now been cut in half. Last year's similar slush fund has already been doled out, and a *Business Week* recap gives some indication of how carefully the money was spent. New York City grabbed $102 million and we know how effectively it spends money. Pittsburgh got nothing, but surrounding suburbs got $13 million for swimming pools and the like. Philadelphia's $7-million grant will provide an unimpressive 274 jobs building horse stables and other conveniences. What used to be called porkbarrel now passes for public service jobs, but the politics remain the same.

■ We are quite ready to accept the verdict of medical authorities: Laetrile does not help in cancer therapy. But why is it forbidden? No one claims that Laetrile itself harms patients. Rather, it is what they don't do that may harm them: relying on Laetrile, they may not utilize effective treatment, and die prematurely. Yet free people have the right not to do what is good for them even if they go on to die prematurely. They have a right too to waste their time and money—rather than to leave these things to their government, which should not prohibit ineffective remedies for anything while concentrating, as it does, on ineffective remedies for nearly everything. Of course, unsupported advertising claims for Laetrile, or anything, should be prosecuted, and purchasers should be informed on the label and by their physicians that the stuff has been found ineffective. But people should be as free to be informed fools as they wish. Cancer patients may next be forbidden to pray because prayer is not shown always to be effective. Oddly enough, many doctors support the ban on Laetrile. They (quite rightly) are unwilling to have their judgment overruled by the power of the government. But they seem quite willing, by using the power of the government, to overrule the judgment of their patients. Doctors should be advisors to patients, not dictators.

■ One comment on the cancellation of the B-1 is that it is a helluva plane, but one can have reservations about a weapons "system" consisting of 244 aircraft at $100 million-plus each, which costs, in sum, about as much as fifty aircraft carriers, 500,000 B-17s, or Ontario. Perhaps a compromise can still be reached. If the Pentagon were to redesign the plane with plush carpeting, quadraphonic sound systems, Sensurround, guest quarters, impressionist art, and stewardesses, the B-1 might yet gain acceptance.

■ On June 17, the House of Representatives voted to ban federal funding of all abortions, even those required to save the mother's life. On June 29, by a vote of 71 to 18, the Senate voted to ban federal funds for abortions except when the mother's life is in danger, when pregnancy results from rape or incest, or when it is considered "medically necessary." That last exception, added at the initiative of Senator Edward Brooke, was characterized by Senator Richard Schweiker (remember him?) as a "barn door loophole," which it probably is. The legislation now goes to the House-Senate conference for the resolution of differences.

■ The new issue of the Roper polling organization's biennial report, *Changing Public Attitudes toward Television and Other Mass Media*, documents television's solidifying domination of the news industry: 64 per cent of respondents now list TV as a major source of their news, as against 49 per cent for newspapers (respondents were permitted to list more than one source), 19 per cent for radio, and 7 per cent for magazines. (When the study was first conducted, in 1959, newspapers led TV 57 to 51, with radio at 34 and magazines at 8.) To the question, "If you got conflicting or different reports of the same news story from [various media], which . . . would you be most inclined to believe?" 51 per cent replied television, 22 per cent newspapers, 7 per cent radio, 9 per cent magazines. (When the study was first conducted, newspapers led TV 32 to 29.)

■ The long-standing prohibition against advertising by lawyers originated centuries ago in England as "a rule of etiquette," but the Supreme Court has found it an unconstitutional infraction of the First Amendment. Also



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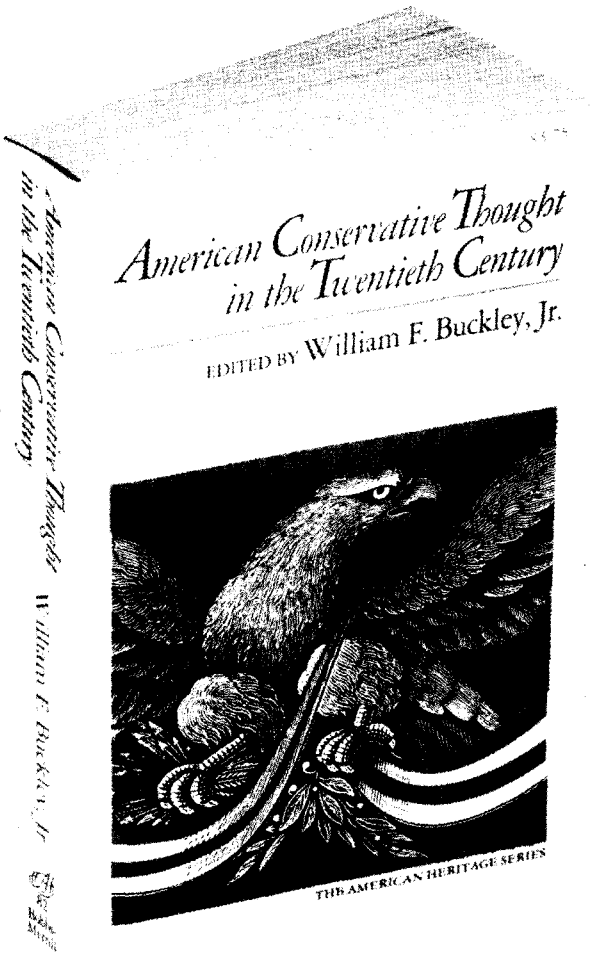


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bandied about by the Justices, however, was the legally extraneous and hence typically modern question as to whether or not legal advertising would adversely affect —through raised fees or shoddy work—what Chief Justice Burger termed "the members of the general public in need of legal services." The majority gravely concluded that it would not.

■ The Security Council unanimously adopted a resolution last week urging all member nations to give "material assistance" to Mozambique to help beef up its defenses against raiding parties from neighboring Rhodesia. In practice, said one U.S. diplomat, "material assistance" could mean "money, schoolbooks, tanks, anything but troops." As usual, U.S. Ambassador Andrew Young had much to say. The U.S., he said, "backs the Mozambican appeal for support in the form of arms and money." It is clear, he said, "that the people of Mozambique will resist this attack against their land [by Rhodesia], the white minority government of which," he said, "was built on racism and tyrannical rule." The United Nations, he said, "will speak out against these incursions and provide whatever material assistance is appropriate for the relief of the suffering imposed on Mozambique." What Ambassador Young did not say, nor anyone else it seems, is that the raiding parties from Rhodesia are trying to stamp out rebel bases in Mozambique from which black guerrillas cross into Rhodesia by night to reap a harvest of blood. It used to be called the law of hot pursuit, but then, as everyone knows, Rhodesia is outside the law.

■ With the payment of two years' back dues (some $43 million) the U.S. has returned to UNESCO and it will be interesting to observe any slowly unfolding reaction. In 1974 UNESCO unnecessarily prohibited Israeli membership in a subordinate European "regional grouping" despite Israeli membership in UNESCO and the evident desire of the Europeans to accept Israel into the grouping. Actually this curious result stemmed more from a parliamentary snafu than from deliberate intent—even the Arabs didn't object on substance but, confronted with an open vote, had to oppose. Nevertheless, it was more than the U.S.—especially Congress—could swallow, and the cut-off of U.S. contributions was the result. Two weeks ago a parliamentary formula was worked out at a meeting in Paris whereby the old vote was tacitly ignored and the chair simply made a finding —"without objection" and with a fast gavel—that permits members to join regional groups without formal vote. (No more Byzantine than arranging for congressional salaries to be raised without forcing congressmen to vote.) Perhaps more important in the long run than this particular point is the healthy effect of demonstrating that there are limits to American patience. Another test is coming soon in ILO.

■ Like the woman who put salt instead of sugar in her tea and spent the morning visiting numerous pharmacists looking for a drug that would turn the stuff sweet, the Russians have been seeking for twenty years to make their national anthem politically palatable in the post-Stalin era. During this time, they simply refrained from singing the anthem at all. At last, however, they have discovered the remedy: rewrite the lyrics, deleting all references to Josef Stalin. Although this left only pronouns, indefinite articles, and adjectives, the job, pursuant to a Five-Year Plan, has been done. Once again, the Urals are alive with the sound of music.

■ Both France and West Germany have agreed to halt future sales of fast-breeder plutonium-producing nuclear reactors, a partial victory for the Carter Administration —though existing contracts with Pakistan and Brazil will be honored. The Carter Administration wishes to curb the production of plutonium, usable in atomic weapons. The effect of a partial embargo, however, could be to turn the market for fast-breeder reactors over to a nation not in the embargo agreement. Guess who. The Soviet Union has a policy of full speed ahead on the breeder reactor.

■ Amid all the fashionable scorn heaped on SEATO's grave, let it be noted that 1) SEATO never threatened anyone nor crossed a frontier in force, which is more than can be said for North Vietnam, 2) it lasted as long as its own raison d'être—the war in Vietnam—and no longer, 3) if it was a "legal gimmick" devised by that old pactomanic cold warrior Dulles to justify intervention in Vietnam, it was never so used by him, but was by the following Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and finally 4) confronted by its own inability to weigh in effectively in Indochina, it turned pragmatically to an area where it could be effective and carried out a number of creative regional programs from which the whole area will long continue to benefit—e.g., a medical laboratory, a tropical research institution, a graduate engineering school, and regional telecommunications. R I P.

■ In spite of rapid press interpretation of Sheikh Ab-

## Incident in Stockholm

The night was young, and in their cars
The kids, bored stiff with pot and bars,
Approached the ethnic rendezvous
And beat the patrons black-and-blue.
As reconstructed by the press,
The kids were wearing hippie dress;
The patrons—who put up a fight—
Were uniformly non-white.
The comment in the *Times* concedes
How odd it is the kids were Swedes.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE PEOPLE OF TEXACO

Maurice F. Granville,
Chairman, Texaco Inc.

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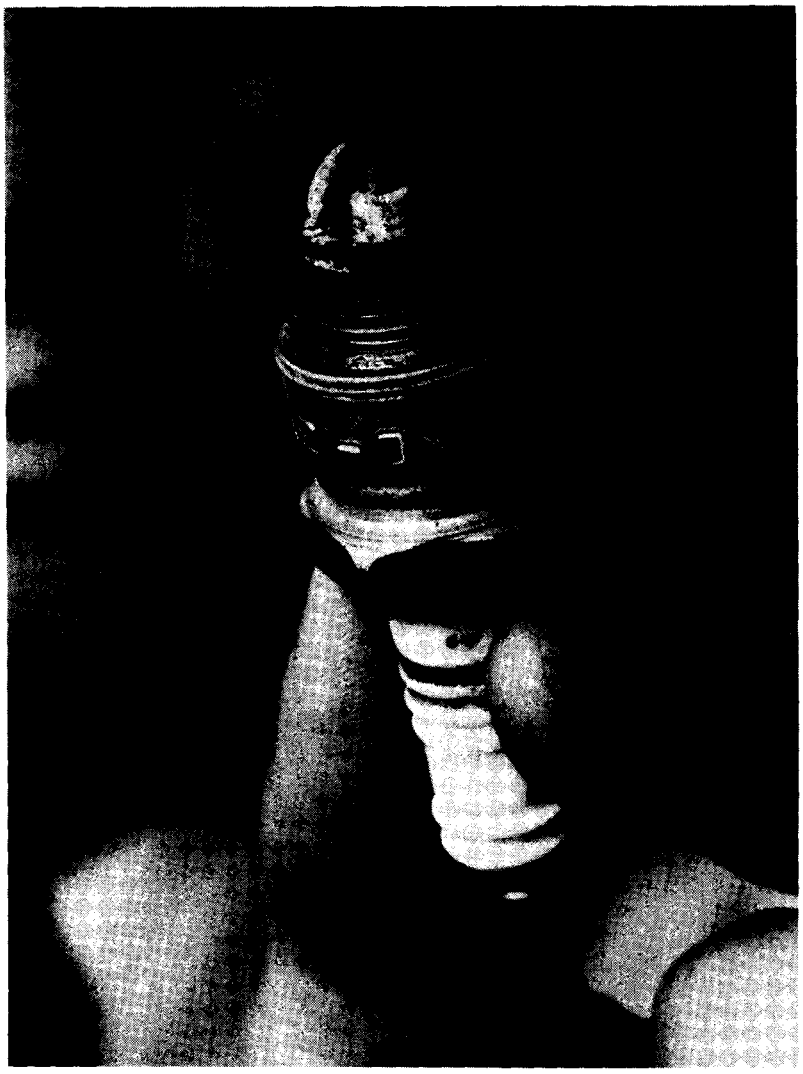

A worn spark plug after about 20,000 miles of use.

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It may not be the best approach, but at least it scans. The single greatest problem for Carter-watchers thus far has been to make sense out of his energy proposals. Both Carter and James Schlesinger are intelligent and practical men, and both are said by those who know them to understand that the basic energy problem is one more of supply than of demand. The Carter energy package, however, shows almost no trace of this understanding, pitched as it is solely at the demand problem, and the consensus among energy experts here has been that it is an uncharacteristically scatter-brained approach. Carter, they say, simply reacted too quickly, for political purposes, without thinking his energy program through.

Now, however, there is evidence that there is indeed an underlying rationale which adds substance to the Carter approach. In a recent Evans & Novak column, Carter was quoted as referring to a "great national treasure" of undeveloped oil and gas supplies during a meeting with members of the House Ways and Means Committee. Up until now, there has been no talk whatsoever of any such "great national treasure." Instead, the official line, as peddled by Schlesinger and Administration energy spokesmen, is that it is foolhardy for us to talk about untapped supplies. Those supplies aren't there, Schlesinger insists publicly, and we have to get used to the idea that whatever supplies do remain will be exhausted within the next half-century, so we must stringently conserve what is left.

But the problem has been that anyone with the most rudimentary knowledge knows that there is indeed a "great national treasure" waiting underground to be exploited. Thus, among informed observers, Carter's energy approach has seemed at best senseless and at worst an embarrassingly obvious political attempt to curry favor with the environmental lobby. But Carter's reference to a "great national treasure" may have changed all that. Little is known as yet of Carter's basic world view. But it is widely known that he respects Schlesinger's outlook, and that outlook, according to those who know him well, is a bleak one, in which the prospect of a world war looms large. And should such a war occur, we might find that the Carter approach makes very good sense indeed.

Should war break out, and should our overseas supplies be disrupted, it would be essential that we have large supplies of easily accessible oil at hand. Thus, one possible explanation for the Administration's adamant opposition to deregulation and to any form of plowback to the oil companies is that the White House fears that if the companies are encouraged to increase production, they will rapidly deplete the more accessible supplies. Many observers have also been puzzled by the Administration's apparent indifference to our growing dependence on foreign supplies. But if the "great national treasure" attitude underlies the Administration's energy approach, then national self-sufficiency at this juncture is in fact undesirable. Those who criticize the energy policy of the Forties and Fifties, when there were restrictions on importing oil, say that the plan seemed to be to drain America first. The Carter policy, however, may be precisely the opposite—drain everyone else first. This may not be the Carter approach at all, of course, but if it is, then it is not difficult to understand why the Administration has trouble selling its energy program—it simply can't tell the truth about the whys of that program.

People might look at you just a bit strangely, for instance, if you explained that your energy policy is rooted in an apocalyptic vision of an impending world war. And it would be difficult indeed to explain to the Saudis that because of what lies ahead, we've decided to drain off rapidly increasing quantities of their Arabian crude. Nevertheless, from the "great national treasure" angle, the Administration's proposals make a semblance of sense. —CATO

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dullah's resounding Moslem party victory in Kashmir as a severe blow to India, the long-range result could benefit the whole subcontinent, not least India itself. Semi-autonomous Moslem rule of a four-fifths Moslem state is intrinsically more natural, and therefore more stable, than rule by a largely alien Hindu Congress Party. If the new government of Morarji Desai can make good on Home Minister Charan Singh's promise of "wholehearted cooperation" he could stabilize the Indo-Kashmiri connection and still avoid twisting the knife in Pakistan, which after all is absorbed with its own internal problems. And finally, shed of his former connection with Mme. Pandit (who would have been unable to stomach the recent result), Sheikh Abdullah can burnish his own image of indigenous Moslem leadership and, eventually, perhaps exert a moderating influence between India and Pakistan.

■ Official Louisiana has a hidebound problem, namely, how to regulate the marketing of alligator meat. However, the Louisiana legislature appears up to the challenge and has passed laws defining "alligator parts," "alligator parts dealers," and "alligator parts transaction forms."

■ President Carter's war on congressional waste is going pretty well, too. The Senate has reorganized to reduce its standing committees from 31 to 25, its subcommittees from 177 to 130, and all this with only 16 more employees and a spending increase of only $3.3 million.

■ Having removed all coinage of any value from circulation, the Treasury is now preparing to discontinue the half-dollar (because it is too bulky) and the copper penny, which has been circulating since 1793, because it is too popular—the Feds' seigniorage profit is down to 50 per cent per coin and dropping. We can understand greedy government clipping the coinage—that's been going on since the dawn of government—but we have to wonder what they are going to use to counterfeit the present base metal coinage.

■ WHEN DID YOU STOP BEATING YOUR WIFE? DEPT.: When the University of *Wisconsin*, mind you, voted not



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to give black activist Finley Campbell tenure, Campbell explained the decision thus: "If the Executive Committee had been all white, it would have been merely a traditional racist act, typical of the old 'last hired, first fired' format. If it had been carried out by an all-black Executive Committee, as at Tuskegee or Fisk, it would have been elitist. That the purge was executed by an integrated committee, and liberal at that, makes it neo-racist: that is fusing together both the question of class and race."

## B-1 Doubts

The spear succeeds the fist;
  The bow succeeds the spear.
Nor are the arrows missed
  When cannons first appear.
The cavalry's a frill,
  And so are bayonets,
But was this overkill
  To please the Soviets?

W. H. VON DREELE

# Supreme Court Scoreboard

Few would go as far as columnist Joseph Kraft did when he wrote that "Conservatives were firmly—even ostentatiously—in the saddle as the Supreme Court wound up another term this week." Disagreement with Kraft here, however, would be a matter of degree. An institution like the Supreme Court tends to change slowly, even as a great ship swings slowly about, and it is therefore the direction of change that is all-important.

As Kraft points out, in the 136 opinions handed down prior to the last week of the term, the two Justices considered most conservative (Burger and Rehnquist) voted with the minority forty times while the two considered most liberal (Brennan and Marshall) voted with the minority 81 times.

In an important case involving jurisdiction over a former river bed, the Court chose to leave the matter to state jurisdiction as against federal, and the decision creates an important precedent. It reinforced, moreover, a larger pattern of leaving sensitive social issues, such as abortion funding and school desegregation matters, to the legislative rather than the judicial process.

In the ruling on funding for elective abortions, Justice Powell, writing for the majority, gave succinct articulation to this trend: We "leave entirely free both the Federal Government and the states, through the normal processes of democracy, to provide the desired funding. The issue presents policy decisions of the widest concern. They should be resolved by the representatives of this people, not by this court."

In other sensitive social issue cases, the attitude of the present Court differed markedly from that of the Warren years. The majority held that a suburb can bar low-income housing if it has no proved intent to discriminate racially; that airline stewardesses who marry may be fired; that health insurance plans need not include disability payments for pregnancy; that employers may fire employees who refuse on religious grounds to work on Saturday; and that bona-fide seniority systems cannot be overturned even if they perpetuate the effects of past discrimination.

On a variety of grounds, however, this Court is vulnerable to criticism. It refused to modify *Miranda* in the interest of bringing to justice a murderer obviously guilty of a particularly atrocious crime, and in its decision on the Nixon tapes it sanctioned—against the language of the Constitution—a bill of attainder (see "Again, Those Tapes," p. 817). Nor has the legal craftsmanship of several of the Justices been particularly distinguished. To the degree, however, that in its present term the Court drew back from some of the excesses of the past, the development can only be welcomed.

# Of Weapons and Strategy

In making his B-1 decision, President Carter gets full marks for decisiveness. He didn't temporize on five experimental models or try to split the difference by approving 120. If we don't need the whole fleet we don't need half of it—or five museum pieces. So he killed the whole project. If he's wrong, he's all wrong—not half wrong. But if he's right, he's right all the way.

It's a technical, almost theological, question and no one can be sure he knows the right answer. Instinctively, one favors more rather than less defense. But if the decision was based—as it appears—on a practical judgment that the cruise missile, however launched, makes the B-1 unnecessary, then it makes sense to drop the B-1; *provided* that we do not proceed at the next step to swap the cruise missile, or its most effective configuration, for some unverifiable numbers game in Moscow.

Indeed, the dropping of the B-1 may be seen both here and in Moscow (without vodka toasts) as evidence that the Administration has decided to go ahead full speed with the cruise missile. But "full speed" should mean not only rapidly, but intact: without being whittled away by unverified limits on numbers or ranges. The distinction between "strategic" and "tactical" cannot be made in a vacuum. A 1,500-mile missile launched from East Germany may look strategic in Washington but quite tactical in London.

More importantly, we must overcome our fatal tendency to measure weapons as if they were only counters in a binary computerized system, divorced from a political, moral, or strategic statement of our own objectives



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or from realistic estimates of the intentions of others. It is all very well to say that we need nothing more because we already have enough "to kill them several times over." But this logic only works if *they* feel the same way, and obviously they don't. Anyone who doubts it should read Richard Pipes's profound analysis of "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War" (*Commentary*, July 1977).

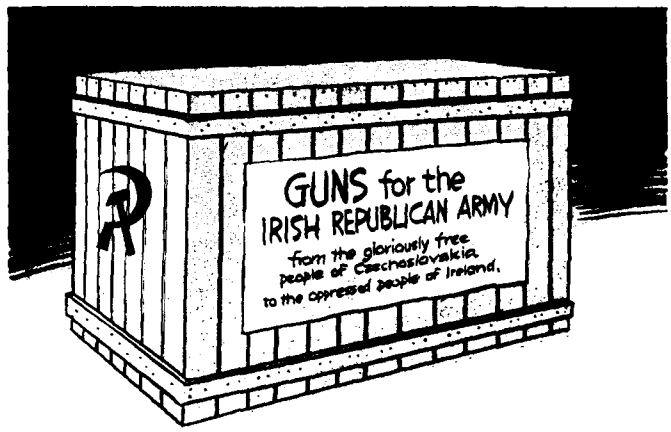
Nuclear weapons did not write "Finis" to ideological, political, or national objectives. On the contrary, in the Russian view nuclear weapons are part of the problem, not the *end* of the problem. If the cruise missile launched by a B-52 (or otherwise) better suits our requirements than the B-1, then fine. But it only works if we know what we want and at what point we would fight. If there is nothing that we would risk nuclear war for, then the Russians will infer it from our behavior—than which nothing could be more dangerous.

President Carter has decided on the cruise missile rather than the B-1. Very well. Let us now decide on a strategy related to our goals in the world—then build the cruise missile into our strategy rather than building our strategy into the missile. Let us build the missile in numbers, sizes, and ranges to carry out that strategy—not as a mere input to use in playing an artificial game with a computerized mirror-image of ourselves. The same applies to the neutron bomb. If it can play a critical role in our strategy, let's have it. We already know war is hell. What we need to know is our strategy for getting through it.

Professor Pipes quotes Marshal Sokolovsky's authoritative text on Soviet *Military Strategy* as saying that "the essential nature of war as a continuation of politics does not change with changing technology or armament." So there you have it. That is the thinking of the fellow on the opposite side. B-1, cruise missile, or neutron bomb, what counts is that we know how to gear these weapons into a strategy which is a contingent continuation of our own politics.

# 'Eurocommunism'—Two Views

Cyrus Vance has come forth—in an interview with an Italian journalist, and on ABC's *Issues and Answers*—with what would appear to be a definitive statement of the new Administration's position on "Eurocommunism" (see "The Protracted Conflict," p. 821). Vance's statement was in the mode that has become typical of this Administration in foreign affairs: a blend of Realpolitik and a sort of calculated naïveté that lays out all the motivations, reservations, and *arrière-pensées* that a traditional diplomat would have left unspoken. Thus Vance: "We have said that in dealing with our Western allies on vital issues we would prefer to be dealing with




Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

countries who have the same fundamental values, the same democratic concerns that we have, and if the Communists were to take a dominant role in those governments, that could present serious problems insofar as we are concerned. We have gone on to say that we think the question, the political question of whether or not Communists should or should not play a part in the government of a particular country is a political issue to be decided by the people of that country and one in which we should not interfere. However [as the eyes start to glaze over] at the same time I say again that does not mean we are indifferent to the fact that they may." Furthermore—or however—it "is a possibility" that electoral gains by Western Communists would create more problems for the Soviet Union than for NATO, although "I think it depends on how Eurocommunism develops." And this, summarized Mr. Vance, was "a reasonable way of dealing with this very, very difficult problem."

It must be remembered, though, that Mr. Vance was laboring under a handicap: the previous week, his predecessor, Henry Kissinger, had given a major speech on Eurocommunism that was very nearly irrefutable. Kissinger said: "We are entitled to certain skepticism about the sincerity of declarations of independence which coincide so precisely with electoral self-interest. One need not be a cynic to wonder at the decision of the French Communists, traditionally perhaps the most Stalinist party in Europe, to renounce the Soviet concept of dictatorship of the proletariat without a single dissenting vote among 1,700 delegates, as they did at their party congress in February 1976, when all previous party congresses had endorsed the same dictatorship of the proletariat by a similar unanimous vote of 1,700 to nothing." The current Eurocommunist leaders say they intend to work within a pluralist, democratic system; but then so did the major East European Communists in the late Forties—e.g., Hungarian CP leader Erno Gero, who said: "The Communist Party does not approve of the idea of a one-party system." Communist success is not a "foregone conclusion," although "United States hesitation and ambiguity can contribute to the impression" that it is. Finally, if the U.S. can deal with



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the Soviet Union, with Red China, with Yugoslavia, why worry about a Communist Western Europe? Because, said Kissinger, "there is a crucial difference between managing conflict with adversaries and maintaining an alliance among friends."

## Again, Those Tapes

The Supreme Court's finding, by a vote of 7 to 2, that the Congress in 1974 acted constitutionally when it deprived Richard Nixon of a statutory right (to the custody of his presidential papers) enjoyed by every one of his predecessors in the Oval Office may indeed have been, as columnist George Will put it, "poetic justice." It was also, as Will observed, "not the justice Congress and the Court should dispense." Which is to say, it was bad law.

The Court—Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice William Rehnquist dissenting—argued that Mr. Nixon constitutes "a legitimate class of one" for the reason that his papers demanded "immediate attention," i.e., that they faced a threat of imminent destruction at the hands of the former President. How the Justices could have supposed that this made for a unique situation is not clear. Although they observed that Nixon, in an age when ex-Presidents plan mausoleums to house their papers, was planning to shred some of his, they neglected to speculate on how much weeding of the archives has been discreetly done by others. Do the Justices believe that the pallbearers of Camelot delivered the files intact to Cambridge?

There is undoubtedly a good case to be made for the proposition that the papers of *every* President, prepared as they are by public servants and at the public expense, ought to be regarded as public property and impounded by the government whenever an Administration departs Washington. But to treat Nixon, as the Supreme Court has done, as "a legitimate class of one" is just another example of jitney philosophizing masquerading as law.

## Sticking with Burns

Unless he is reappointed, Arthur Burns will finish his term as chairman of the Federal Reserve next January. His record must be evaluated with due consideration of the technical and political constraints.

It is generally conceded that too much money in 1972-73 contributed to too much inflation in 1973-74, and that a painfully sudden reduction in the growth of money subsequently cut the inflation rate in half. But recent critics have chastised Burns not for producing too much money, but too little, and time has completely vindicated Burns's position in 1975 and 1976. The recovery did not "abort" in 1975, as many of Burns's critics predicted, and the 1976 "pause" proved to be just that.

## Jimmy Sings, 'O, Promise Me'

I promised you that some day I would buy
Some health insurance for each gal and guy;
I also said I'd set each city free,
Since Mayor Beame is very dear to me-e-e.
I told each WASP I favored birth control;
I told the blacks I'd get them off the dole;
I asked the Jews to put their trust in me—
When I was still your nominee-e-e.

W. H. VON DREELE

To his credit, Burns has lately emphasized that "substantial further reduction in growth rates of all the monetary aggregates will be needed over the next few years if our nation is to succeed in halting inflation." But his words have not always been a reliable indicator of his actions. Growth of the broadly defined money supply, M2, accelerated from a 7 or 8 per cent rate in 1974-75 to about an 11 per cent rate in 1976 and 1977, fueling a similar growth in nominal GNP. Capacity limitations will eventually slow real growth to little more than 3 per cent a year, so that continuation of recent monetary trends would seem to be consistent with an intolerable long-term inflation rate of around 7 or 8 per cent.

Slowing the growth of bank reserves and their deposit money sometimes requires an increase in short-term interest rates, as has recently happened. But the only alternative is to lose control of the money supply, with the result that more inflation is soon reflected in even higher interest rates.

Here is where Bert Lance, the leading contender for Burns's throne, shows his stuff. "The American people," says Lance, "blame inflation on two things: high budget deficits and high interest rates." Lance apparently doesn't feel that it is his responsibility to correct this error. "We tried to control inflation through interest rates once before," he says, "and obviously it didn't work." On the contrary, we cut inflation in half by slowing the growth of the money supply, and interest rates ended up much lower. We tried to control interest rates through inflationary money growth in 1972-73, and obviously that didn't work.

It is in comparison with alternatives such as Bert Lance, whose only claim to fame is his eagerness to borrow and lend, that Arthur Burns shines so brightly. It is pleasant to contemplate having a real monetary specialist at the helm, such as Milton Friedman or Karl Brunner, but it won't happen. Nor is there much chance of drawing on the enormous reservoirs of talent at the various Federal Reserve banks (e.g., Michael Hamberger, William Poole, and Albert Burger) or even from congressional committees (Robert Weintraub); instead, the political selection process is likely to yield a docile



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and cooperative inflationist, like Bert Lance, whose appointment alone would be enough to sink the stock market.

We are much better off to stick with Burns, if he will have us, than to swim into such uncharted waters.

## Deathless Vatican Prose

Calling for government financial assistance to hard-pressed Catholic schools around the world, a 10,000-word document issued by the Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education contained the following gelatinous formulation:

"Since education is an important means of improving the social and economic condition of the individual and of peoples, if the Catholic school were to turn its attention exclusively or predominantly to those from the wealthier social classes, it could be contributing toward maintaining their privileged position, and could thereby continue to favor a society which is unjust."

That can be read only as stating that any society that contains "wealthier social classes" is "unjust." And further, that a "just" society would contain no such classes—would, that is, be perfectly egalitarian. That is, every society now existing is unjust. Which is crap.

To put it mildly, that sentence does not argue strongly for the necessity of supporting Catholic education. Such a necessity might be demonstrable, but it would help if, meanwhile, the Vatican cleaned some of the ideological cretins out of the Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education.

## Ass. Prof., GS-7

Government support means government regulation, as more than one "private" institution has found to its sorrow. The most recent—and rather complicated—case is that of Davidson College in North Carolina, a Presbyterian college which, like virtually every college nowadays, accepts or allows its students to accept government funds. Until two months ago, Davidson's by-laws required professors to be "prepared conscientiously to uphold and to increase [Davidson's] effectiveness as a church-related college." However, in February, Davidson had hired one Ronald Linden, whom it knew to be Jewish. Davidson had apparently not fully screened Mr. Linden's views on that by-law, but he soon enlightened them, when he wrote in his letter accepting the post: "I should make clear my strong opposition to such policies as morally repugnant, socially anachronistic, and scholastically unwise. During my time at Davidson, I will strongly support any movement to eliminate such laws and practices." The college instantly rescinded the job offer, whereupon Mr. Linden made himself a cause célèbre, the state legislature began the process of cutting off aid to Davidson students, and the trustees repealed the offending by-law.

Now, Davidson College is not the ideal ground on which to fight this battle: according to the college president, the hiring was meant deliberately as "opening a position to a Jewish faculty member," so the college appears to have been either going in for tokenism, or engaging in an intramural power struggle that makes this a question of politics rather than principle. But the case still raises two crucial points: 1) The egalitarians make no distinction between institutions that discriminate *against* a particular group, and institutions that are set up *for* a particular purpose. If this Presbyterian college had hired Moslem and Buddhist teachers and then turned down a Jew, the charge of anti-Judaism would have been made prima facie. If your local Harvard alumni association accepted members who had graduated from Yale and Berkeley but not from Chicago, it would be a discriminatory rather than a special-purpose organization: but not if it accepts only Harvard graduates. 2) Either we must resign ourselves to accepting government control of private institutions, or else we must find some socially and politically feasible way to make colleges again self-sufficient and self-governing.

## Ban the Ban

In principle, the most motherly of the self-appointed protectors of consumers would prohibit the sale of any product, however useful, if there is the slightest evidence of the slightest risk to health or safety. In practice, however, the strait-laces have to stretch.

The July issue of *Consumer Reports* provides some useful information about the risks of both products and regulations. The Consumer Product Safety Commission virtually compelled the use of the flame retardant Tris in children's sleepwear, then banned such use. The cost of this regulatory blunder, about $200 million, must ultimately be borne by consumers. *Consumer Reports* describes the risk of cancer from Tris as small for male children—affecting perhaps three out of ten thousand—and much smaller for females, but the journal nonetheless favors a total ban. The difficulty of finding other low-cost methods of protecting children from fire appears to bother *CR*, although the question of who will bear what costs is never explicitly addressed.

In the case of saccharin, there is no suggestion in *CR* that the risk is small, although the supposed risk of cancer is about the same as for Tris—four cases in ten thousand. In comparison with the health risk of tobacco or alcohol, this is small stuff indeed, but *CR* appears willing to let consumers assess the larger dangers.

Finally, we come to the risk of malfunctioning airbags in automobiles. Here, the data look as worrisome as those for saccharin and Tris—ten failures in 12,000 cars. There are, of course, potential health benefits from



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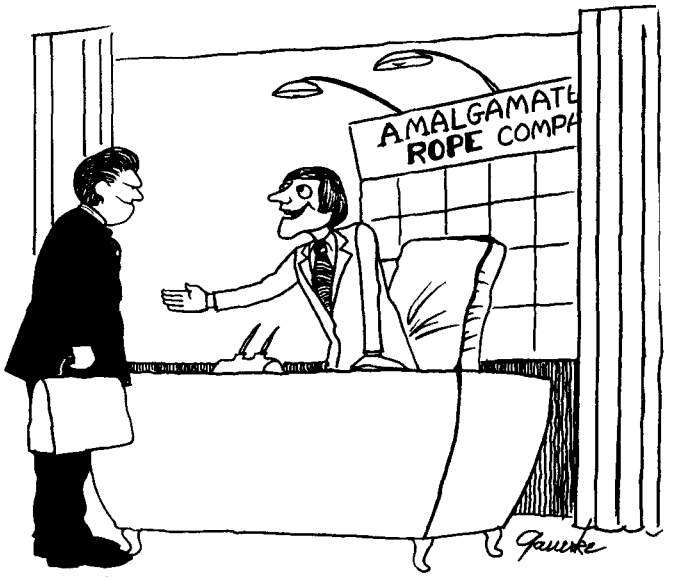


**"We're pleased to take your order, Mr. Ripov. I've always maintained that the road to peace is through free trade negotiations."**

airbags, but that is true of flame retardants and sugar substitutes, too. And there are not any human deaths that can be clearly blamed on airbags, but that also remains true of Tris and saccharin. Rather than wanting to ban airbags, however, *CR* favors forcing all drivers to take this risk in order to protect those who are accident-prone and do not use their safety belts.

In the end, there just isn't any viable alternative to letting consumers evaluate most risks, with the help of public or private information. Otherwise, we would have to ban such dangerous products as autos, skis, cigarettes, gin, stairs, skateboards, and rat poison. To the extent that we let government agencies make these decisions for us, we can probably look forward to more costly and dangerous confusion such as the Tris fiasco, or the rush to push people out of cyclamates and into saccharin, or the FDA's well known propensity to play it safe by banning good drugs along with the bad.

# Inside the Whale

## I. Moscow Book Fair

Some 25 American publishers have decided to exhibit their books at the Moscow Book Fair beginning September 6, the first international book event of its kind to be held in the Soviet Union. Numerous U.S. publishers declined the invitation (375 publishers show up at the long-established Frankfurt fair each year).

Those who go to Moscow understand fully that the game will be played according to Soviet rules. Winthrop Knowlton, president of Harper and Row (which will go to Moscow), puts it this way: "It's a tough philosophical issue of whether or not to participate for all of us who are concerned about publishing freedom. We include books by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Amalrik in our list. But of course [sic] we won't be showing their books in Moscow."

The regulations for Moscow book exhibitors include a clause forbidding books "incompatible with public morals." The motto for the Moscow Fair will be "Books for Peace and Progress." As Mr. Knowlton so clearly understands, Solzhenitsyn and Amalrik would be injurious to Soviet morals and certainly not conducive to peace and progress. And what was it the Soviets signed at Helsinki?

## II. Happy July Fourth, Moscow Style

In yet another display of international good will, U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon was prevented from delivering the traditional Fourth of July speech over Soviet television. Of course, what Toon planned to say was provocative and outrageous. The offending passage reads as follows: "Americans will continue to state publicly their belief in human rights and their hope that violations of these rights, wherever they may occur, will end."

Not only was Toon pulled off the screen; the next day he was lectured for nearly two hours by Big Brother Brezhnev himself.

Earlier this summer *Los Angeles Times* correspondent Robert Toth was first framed and then harassed by the KGB before being allowed to leave the Soviet Union as planned.

The foregoing items indicate the kind of atmosphere in which international TV coverage—most conspicuously that of NBC-TV—will operate during the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

# National Observer, R I P

It is gallantry and melancholy mixed, when a newspaper goes down: the gallantry of the writers, editors, artists, and printers who produce the stories that will go into Volume X, Number Last; the melancholy that overcomes men and women who have been colleagues in a high-speed, tension-ridden enterprise as they gather for a last, sorrowful hurrah. Already their attention is elsewhere: where do we go next? what about the mortgage? The typewriters go silent, the teleprinters are turned off, the copy boys are out having a quick beer, for once unrebuked. So it was last week for the *National Observer*, launched by Dow Jones 15 years ago in the high expectation that the country was ready for a national weekly newspaper that would have the time and the perspective to explore more satisfactorily than the rushed daily press the vital issues of the day.

The *National Observer* ran some first-rate pieces. It was a pioneer in feature articles on consumer problems. Its layout was clean and imaginative. It won itself a devoted readership of nearly half a million (even at the



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end the resubscription rate was a spectacular 70 per cent), but it never caught fire. And the day came when the parent organization, Dow Jones, realized that with higher postal rates and direct mail expenses the *Observer* never would pay its way. So the boom was lowered, and the *Observer* became the most recent of the hundreds of newspapers that have folded since the Second World War. It will be missed by those who counted on it for their Sunday reading and by the host of young writers and editors (among them a number of *NR* reviewers) who got their first crack at writing and invaluable training in responsible journalism in its pages.

## Notes & Asides

### VN-RIP

The cover of this magazine had gone to press when word came in that Vladimir Nabokov was dead. I am sorry—not for the impiety; sorry that VN will not see the cover, or read the verse, which he'd have enjoyed. He'd have seen this issue days ahead of most Americans, because he received NATIONAL REVIEW by airmail, and had done so for several years. And when we would meet, which was every year, for lunch or dinner, he never failed to express pleasure with the magazine. In February, when I last saw him, he came down in the elevator, big, hunched, with his cane, carefully observed by Vera, white-haired, with the ivory skin and delicate features and beautiful face. VN was carrying a book, which he tendered me with some embarrassment—because it was inscribed. In one of his books, a collection of interviews and random fare, given over not insubstantially to the celebration of his favorite crotchets, he had said that one of the things he *never* did was inscribe books.

Last year, called back unexpectedly to New York, I missed our annual reunion. Since then I had sent him my two most recent books, and about these he now expressed hospitable enthusiasm as we sat down at his table in the corner of the elegant dining room of the most adamantly unchanged hotel in Europe: I cannot imagine, for all its recent architectural modernization, that the Montreux-Palace was any different before the Russian revolution.

He had been very ill, he said, and was saved by the dogged intervention of his son, Dmitri, who at the hospital ordered ministrations the poor doctors had not thought of—isn't that right, Vera? Almost right—Vera is a stickler for precision. But he was writing again, back to the old schedule. What was that schedule? (I knew, but knew he liked to tell it.) Up in the morning about six, read the papers and a few journals, then cook breakfast for Vera in the warren of little rooms where they had lived for 17 years. After that he would begin writing, and would write all morning long, usually standing, on the cards he had specially cut to a size that suited him (he wrote on both sides, and collated them finally into books). Then a light lunch, then a walk, then a nap, and, in nimbler days, a little butterfly-chasing or tennis, then back to his writing until dinner time. Seven hours of writing, and he would produce 175 words. [What words!] Then dinner, and book-reading, perhaps a game of Scrabble in Russian. A very dull life, he said chortling with pleasure, and then asking questions about America, deploring the infelicitous Russian prose of Solzhenitsyn, assuring me that I was wrong in saying he had attended the inaugural meeting of the Congress for Cultural Freedom—he had never attended *any* organizational meeting of anything—isn't that right, Vera? This time she nods her head and tells him to get on with the business of ordering from the menu. He describes with a fluent synoptic virtuosity the literary scene, the political scene, inflation, bad French, cupiditous publishers, the exciting breakthrough in his son's operatic career, and what am I working on now?

A novel, and you're in it.

What was that?

You and Vera are in it. You have a daughter, and she becomes a Communist agent.

He is more amused by this than Vera, but not all *that* amused. Of course I'll send it to you, I beam. He laughs —much of the time he is laughing. How long will it take you to drive to the airport in Geneva?

My taxi told me it takes "un petit heure."

*Une petite heure* [he is the professor]: that means fifty minutes. We shall have to eat quickly. He reminisces about his declination of my bid to go on *Firing Line*. It would have taken me *two weeks* of preparation, he says almost proudly, reminding me of his well known rule against improvising. Every word he ever spoke before an audience had been written out and memorized, he assured me—isn't that right, Vera? Well no, he would answer questions in class extemporaneously. Well *obviously*! He laughed. He could hardly program his students to ask questions to which he had the answers prepared! I demur: his extemporaneous style is fine, just fine; ah, he says, but before an audience, or before one of those . . . television . . . cameras, he would freeze. He ordered a brandy, and in a few minutes we rose, and he and Vera and I walked ever so slowly to the door. "As long as Western civilization survives," Christopher Lehmann-Haupt wrote in the *Times* last Tuesday, "his reputation is safe. Indeed, he will probably emerge as one of the greatest artists our century has produced." I said goodbye warmly, embracing Vera, taking his hand, knowing that probably I would never see again—never mind the artist—this wonderful human being. **—WFB**



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# Picking the Lock

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

MY RECENT COMMENTS [*NR*, June 24, July 8] may have suggested to some readers that I believe Eurocommunism to be 100 per cent phony. I want to correct that impression. I do believe there is a high phoniness quotient in Eurocommunism, but less than 100 per cent. Moreover, the percentage of phoniness differs from party to party: more in the French party, for example, than in the Italian, and possibly less, for the moment at least, in the Spanish than in either.

There is nothing mysterious (or should not be) about the origin of Eurocommunism. It is a by-product of the situations in which several West European Communist parties found themselves in their struggle for governmental power—in particular, the Italian party, the French party, and in rather different, not entirely comparable ways, the Spanish and British parties.

Both the Italian and French parties —and only these two in Western Europe—are large, powerful mass organizations. They control the major labor unions and a vast network of auxiliaries and fronts. They have enormous influence in the media, education, the professions, etc. They have penetrated all echelons of the government, the armed forces, the intelligence services, the police. Alone or in combination with Socialists, they run all sorts of political entities (towns, provinces, regions, agencies) below the level of the central government, and they have many seats in the national legislatures.

However, they have not been able to win a majority in a national democratic election. The ceiling for their vote seems to be less than a third of the total. In addition, although Italy and France have had, since the war, a good many troubles, these have not generated a "revolutionary situation"—as Leninists would define it—that could offer the suitable environment for seizing power through a 1917-style armed coup.

Confronting these facts, the leaders first of the Italian party, and more recently of the French party, drew similar though not identical conclusions. The path to governmental power led through an electoral and parliamentary coalition with another party so placed as to be receptive to Communist wooing—which meant in Italy, the Christian Democrats, and in France, the Socialists.

### *Polishing Their Image*

In order to appear attractive enough to the potential partner, and to assure that the combination would in turn be attractive to a sufficient number of the voters who had stubbornly resisted Communist blandishments for thirty years, the Italian and French parties had to polish up their public images. Two blemishes required primary attention: "agent of a foreign power" and "dictatorship."

Eurocommunism's rhetorical shift toward "independence" and "democracy" is a derivative from the tactical shift in relation to "the road to power." It is generally interpreted as a turn toward the right (from Communism toward Socialism). This is of course true of the rhetoric, but in relation to Moscow the prior and determining tactical turn was in fact to the left. By their current united front tactic, Berlinguer and Marchais are declaring that their parties have matured to a point from which they can and should take governmental power. Moscow, however, is well enough satisfied, in the present detente phase, with the French (and, more or less, with the Italian) domestic political setup as is—weak, amenable bourgeois governments very anxious to trade, and Communist parties keeping the pressure on the governments from the outside. Moscow's real objection to Marchais (in particular) is that he is too revolutionary, not that he is too reformist. There is thus a genuine as well as phony or verbal difference between Moscow and Marchais-Berlinguer over the desirability of putting a drive to get governmental power on the current agenda.

To understand the Eurocommunist turn we must introduce another complication. (For simplicity I will restrict myself to France, which is the decisive theater.) Marchais, analyzing from Leninist principles, does not see the French Socialist Party as an ally in bringing about a broad left-wing government. For Marchais the Socialist Party is, rather, the chief obstacle in the Communist Party's struggle for state power. For Leninism, the united front tactic is not an alliance with another party but a means of weakening and if possible destroying the party that joins in the united front. Weakening the Socialist Party (i.e., pushing the obstacle off the road to power) is, for Marchais, the primary objective of the French Common Front, taking priority over an electoral victory next year.

### *Mitterrand's Captivity*

The reports from France perfectly illustrate the Leninist united front tactic. The Communists, legitimized by the Common Front, are steadily pulling the Socialist Party members—especially the younger members—to the left and simultaneously keeping up a barrage of criticism against Mitterrand and other Socialist leaders. At the recent Socialist convention, the hard Marxist Left—ideologically close to the Communist Party and infiltrated by Communists—had a third of the votes.

"As judged by every impartial observer," writes Georges Albertini, perhaps the most profound analyst of French politics, "the Socialist Party, or at any rate its militants, has moved much more toward Communism than the Communists toward social democracy. . . . By entering the path of rapprochement and collaboration with the Communist Party, M. Mitterrand, without seeking or wanting it, opened the gate of the Socialist Party to ideological colonization by Communism."

Mitterrand, succumbing, as Socialists so often do, to the seductive appeal of office, has become the captive of his own policy. In spite of the Communist attacks on his integrity and the increasing interparty disputes, Mitterrand cannot break off the collaboration without splitting his party in the process as well as destroying his own chance of becoming prime minister. □



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TWO PRISONERS

# Statement by prisoner H.I. Butman to the Chief of the Perm Administration of Corrective Labor Establishments (ITK-35)

Citizen General:

During this year I have sent you two short statements dealing with the arbitrary actions of the administration in the zone in which I am kept. However, you, Citizen General, are probably a very busy person, and I strongly suspect you had simply no time to look at them. I have therefore decided to write a third statement, not in the ordinary, dry official style, but in a somewhat artistic form. Let the weary hours of your work be interrupted, even if not for long, by what, I hope, will turn out to be interesting reading.

Since my statement is to be artistic, I am entitled to use a literary approach. I shall use a simple one, everything else will fully coincide with the facts, will be the truth and nothing but the truth. And now about the artistic method. At first I thought, naturally, of writing about myself in the first person and others in the third, and of addressing you in the second. Then I decided that this would be too boring for you. So I decided to have us temporarily change places for the sake of better illustration.

Thus, I am sitting in the armchair that was formerly yours, yawning and glancing at boring complaints (including the present one). And you, what are you doing in the meantime? You have undergone a horrible metamorphosis. You have become not just another prisoner (this can happen to anyone, and truly it is said "exclude not prison and the beggar's bowl"). You have become a Zionist! Don't worry, not a Zionist of the kind you have read about in the Soviet press, there are none like that in reality. You have neither horns nor hoofs, and in the bath no one would be able to distinguish you from a normal Soviet citizen. You are simply a Jew (please excuse the expression), for whom Soviet citizenship has become a burden greater than Earth is to Atlas, a Jew who did not want all his life to think one thing, say a second, and do a third, who wanted to move his body to where his soul has long since dwelt—from the Baltic Coast to the Mediterranean. For this you were given ten years of strict regime.

And now you are in the prison camp. A wonderful place in the forests on the approach to the Urals. You are very lucky. You have already grown accustomed to the climate in the Urals, and you will not freeze through the long winter as will Bagrat Shakverdyan and Razmik Zograbyan, your new friends from Rumania; thank God, you will not suffer from daily migraines on account of the constant changes in atmospheric pressure, as will Ivan Svetlichny and Vasil Zakharchenke, the Ukrainian writers.

YOU ARE very lucky indeed: you need have no fear of thieves. The administration has thoroughly enclosed your area with fences; it has enlisted athletic-looking young men from sun-scorched Central Asia and vigilant northern police dogs to guard your peace. Even thieves who can run as fast as a greyhound and jump like Bruner, the legendary Soviet athlete, will not be able to reach you. The administration guards you like the apple of its eye. As soon as you wake up the administration counts you for the first time—at the morning roll-call. When you go to work it counts you a second time; at noon you are counted again, at work. You return from work for the fourth count, and at the evening roll-call you are counted for the fifth time. And at midnight, your sleeping body, unable even to acknowledge it with a grateful look, is counted for the last time, the sixth.

Can the prisoners of the Chilean junta expect so much considerate treatment? Of course not. True, you were a little put out when you read in *Beyond Our Borders* how Luis Corvalán, dressed in a white shirt and light blue trousers, calmly discussed things in the yard, eye to eye, with an Italian progressive lawyer. (Heavens, how could they be bugged, after all they talked not in the room for meetings but in the yard!) You sadly glance at your grey bag-like suit, the only one you have, the one you wear when at work and when not at work. You saw your white shirt and light blue trousers for the last time on the day you were arrested—June 15, 1970. But do not be dis-

*In 1970, Mr. Butman was sentenced to ten years in prison in the "Second Leningrad Trial" of Soviet Jewish activists. In 1973, his pregnant wife, Eva Butman, and their child were given permission by Soviet authorities to emigrate to Israel. This letter—from Hillel Butman to his warden at the Perm labor camp—was transmitted to* NR *from Mrs. Butman by way of the Greater New York Conference on Soviet Jewry.*



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couraged. For you have something that he has not: he has a white shirt and light blue trousers, but you have a beautiful tag on your jacket, and on your padded jacket as well. It gives your name and initials, and the number of your team. It's almost as if you were a milch cow with a record yield.

You were also annoyed when you heard that President Allende's former personal physician, now a prisoner, continues to practice as a physician in the camp, and does everything to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow prisoners, while the only physician in your area, the Kiev psychiatrist Slava Gluzman, was not even allowed to work as a medical attendant (no prisoner is authorized to practice as a physician) for having taken the Hippocratic Oath too literally. But do not grieve. After all, Comrade Corvalán sometimes does not feel too well, but you are healthy. Like every healthy Soviet prisoner you have a sick heart, a sick stomach, and sick teeth; neurosis, gastritis, and paradentosis. And a few more things it would be better to keep quiet about—after all, the many hunger strikes leave their mark. How lucky you are to be healthy. For you know only too well what it means to be ill in camp.

And you were annoyed when you were informed by *Journalist* that the Chilean political prisoners have a wonderful amateur dramatic troupe, that they sing, dance, carve wood, and work metal. And then you find that it is not surprising they have time for all this—in the camps of the fascist junta, labor is voluntary: if I feel like it, I work, if I don't want to, I don't, as in a fairy tale. At first you didn't believe it, but then you looked at the names of the authors of that article in *Journalist*. Two reporters from the German Democratic Republic. They are respectable people, not likely to deceive you. Moreover, they shot some film in the camp. For those who believe, and those who refuse to. But do not grieve, they haven't learned yet that work is a source of longevity. And if you are placed in the punishment cell for having left your place of work, that is not because anyone wishes you harm. The administration wishes you many years of life. If you dream of seeing a piece of meat on your plate, it is a sign that the devil inside you does not yet slumber. You quite forgot that meat would shorten the additional span of life you are obtaining by doing daily coercive labor in the factory.

Finally, it annoyed you to see that Comrade Corvalán had preserved not only his white shirt and light blue trousers, but also his hair. You couldn't help remembering how they first handcuffed and then shaved the head of Orlovich, who out of religious convictions had insisted that it be left unshaven; how they shaved the head of Tolya Altman, your friend and fellow citizen of Israel, whom they first handcuffed as well; and how they handcuffed your Ukrainian friends and shaved off their mustaches. But abandon these evil thoughts. Everybody knows today how good ultraviolet rays are for your health, and that it would be difficult for them to penetrate in the morning through your hair, through your mustache. The order that you be shaved took your health into consideration, the health you are so lightheartedly willing to squander.

***You had only one choice: self-humiliation or humiliating him. You did not get up, did not take off your cap, did not say anything. The result—seven days in the punishment cell***

Sometimes, perhaps, the suspicion enters your mind that all this, the baglike clothes, and the shaved heads, and the roll-calls everywhere—to work, from work, to the dining room, from the dining room—and the siren that wakes you, and that lulls you to sleep: that perhaps all this is meant to kill your individuality, to kill in you the ability to think and to act as an individual, of your own will, not by order; that perhaps its purpose is to change you into a robot that starts to salivate at the sound of the siren calling you to lunch. Into a robot like the former policemen around you, who jump up when they see a Soviet officer, as they jumped up when they saw Hitlerite officers, who hurriedly remove their caps and in trained voices shout: "Good morning, Citizen Chief!" as they once shouted: "Good morning, Herr Obersturmbannführer!" at the time when they were executing your relatives in the ditches of Ponar and Baby Yar. Maybe this all stems from the guards' obsequiousness, their habit of self-debasement before those who are above them, and their unharnessed sadism toward those who are below?

No, all of this is a requirement of Order Number 2020 of the Ministry of Interior: Self-debasement is obligatory. By order.

And now, please remember the first of the two short

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statements you wrote me after your return from Vladimir Prison. Do you remember its content?

You were sitting in the reading room, writing a letter to your wife in Israel, when Captain Polyakov, the Assistant Chief of Regime, walked in. He knew how you would react. There was laughter in his eyes. He towered above you: Well, Butman, are you going to greet me, or not? You had only one choice: self-humiliation or humiliating him. You did not get up, did not take off your cap, did not say anything. . . . The result—seven days in the punishment cell.

The punishment cell re-educates with cold and hunger. Hot food is served every other day, if what is served can be termed hot "food" at all. The bed is folded against the wall, and let down only at night. If it were warm, one could use one's shoes for a pillow (no bedding is issued) and try to fall asleep. But it is warm in the cell only if you are lucky; and your hungry body, as if to spite you, does not generate heat. The only way out is to tremble as rapidly as possible, as the camp wits maintain. For a person who is not perpetually hungry it is easy enough to go hungry for a while.

***It does not matter that your family is waiting for you in Israel, it does not matter that your children are growing up as orphans even though their father is alive***

For a person leaving a warm room it is easy to bear the cold. But for a hungry person to be kept in the cold is a most effective re-education for the refusal to dance at one's own funeral.

On the other hand, you have much time in the punishment cell (if you are not taken out to work), time to think and to remember things. For example, Article 1 of the Corrective Labor Code of the RSFSR. What a nice, humane article: Punishment in the USSR does not have the aim of causing suffering, either physical or moral.

You are so naïve that when you leave the punishment cell you write a complaint about Polyakov to me, the Chief of the Perm Administration of Corrective Labor Establishments. This is the first of the two short statements that preceded this one.

And a month later I, a general, one of the few, receive another statement from you, one of the many. I make a wry face, for I am beginning to get fed up with you. Very well, let's see what you are dissatisfied with this time. . . . It appears that you are dissatisfied that you have been deprived of the privilege of buying five rubles' worth of goods once a month and of receiving a parcel weighing five kilograms once a year. You have been deprived of these two privileges simultaneously. Why? You had been lying in bed in the daytime! True, it was during your free time, and you were undressed and covered with a blanket, as the rules prescribe, but still . . . And then, at the "Educational Commission," you did not admit to having committed a crime, did not wish to discuss the matter; well, pride rides for a fall. You were overdoing it, Citizen Zionist.

But then you have two certificates of higher education, and your case made a lot of noise, and on top of it there is that silly detente—I guess I had better send someone to check, just to make sure. He, the controller, knows what is wanted of him: of course, he'll never reach your camp, and he will not have you called. He will deliver to me the report that I expect of him: it appears that not Polyakov but you are the persecutor, that you persecute poor Polyakov. And here, at last, we see Zionism on the rampage; it began with the innocent lying under a blanket during the day and now has reached its apogee.

And now only a month has passed, and here you go again. And it's getting worse. You were taking two albums of postcards from the storeroom to your section, and Senior Lieutenant Kuznetsov objected, on the grounds that it is prohibited to dirty your section. (True, to the Senior Lieutenant, albums look like books, and he hates books fiercely and ferociously.) You tell him that this is strictly your own business. The report will state that you used insulting language. It does not matter that you are entitled to have with you your personal letters and postcards, without any limitations. It is also of no importance that you are even allowed to have five books (just in case you really had been carrying books). It is not important that punishment in the USSR is not meant to cause suffering, physical or moral. It is quite sufficient that Senior Lieutenant Kuznetsov and Captain Polyakov have set themselves to just this task.

Last month a punishment, this month—a punishment again. What for? You have been a prisoner for seven years already and understand what they are after. You are being prepared for Vladimir Prison. You left it only five months ago to return here. All that is needed is to add a few papers to your file, and the flow has already started: refused to greet an officer, was lying in bed during the day, tried to dirty the section. And now it is up to the court, and the court knows its business: in just a few minutes the court will deprive you of three years of life in the present, and it is difficult to say of how many in the future.

It does not matter that your family is waiting for you in Israel, it does not matter that your children are growing up as orphans even though their father is alive, it does not matter that your wife begs you in every letter to guard what health you have left. She does not know that almost every day you face the choice: whether to preserve your moral or your physical health.

JUMP TO YOUR FEET when your executioner enters the room, stand at attention, remove your cap, and shout: "Good morning, Citizen Chief!" Then wait, perhaps he will even condescend to answer, and everything will be well. You will not be sent to the punishment cell, you will preserve your physical health, and there will not be another paper in your file.

You were called to the "Educational Commission," your lying in bed during the day was being discussed. You stood in the middle of the room, no one offered you a chair, while a dozen or so "educators" who, because of the constant meetings, have never had the time to read the section of the rules dealing with your rights (they have read only the one describing your duties) looked you over, and each sought to outdo the others in humiliating you. If you had



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tried to justify your behavior, asked for indulgence, humiliated yourself, perhaps this would have helped, and no new paper would have been added to your file. But you knew that lying in bed in your free time has never been prohibited. Indeed, one is not allowed to lie in one's clothes, but you were undressed, and next to you other prisoners were doing the same. Senior Lieutenant Kuznetsov chose you. It would be surprising if in addition to all his other merits he were not an antisemite as well.

A swarm of memories passes through your head. A motley collection of mockeries and humiliations the official name of which is the Corrective Labor System unrolls before your mind. Everything that has happened since you last put your daughter, then four years old, to bed, while they were waiting. "Are these your friends, Papa, will you return soon?" she asked. "Yes, yes," you lied to your daughter, not for the first time. Now she is almost eleven.

However, we have strayed from the subject. You are standing in the middle of the room like a naughty schoolboy, and they are "educating" you. They are educating you, while you remember. You remember how your relatives who come to see you are forced to undress down to the skin, how your wife and your sister, who have traveled thousands of miles from Leningrad to see you for two hours, are unceremoniously sent back because you allegedly wear your hair one centimeter longer than provided by the rules.

And you remember other things, many other things. And it is only from time to time that the voices of the members of the commission penetrate to you, as if through a dense fog: refuses to be re-educated, does not learn, deliberately lies in bed. And among the voices, their voices, which you will now recognize always and remember forever, to the end of your life, there are those belonging to Lieutenant Kuznetsov and Captain Polyakov. You will remember their names. Someday, when it is they who are sitting on the bench of the accused, you will remember their names.

And again you are faced with a dilemma: to debase yourself together with them or . . . You choose the "or." You tell the commission in some detail what you think of their methods of education. Naturally, you speak loudly, excitedly, you are not as yet a robot and human feelings are not dead in you. Yet, although in your little monologue you did not use a single impolite word, yet another paper is added to your file, yet another paper bringing you closer to Vladimir.

You left it only five months ago, and about forty of your friends are probably still languishing in their same cells. Ahead of you are jails—you have already passed through dozens—and "transfers." A visit to the theater begins with the cloakroom, time in the camp begins with the transfer. Anyone who has gone through one of these Soviet transfers even once will remember it forever. And if he should live to a ripe old age, he will still sometimes cry out in his sleep because he dreams he is on a transfer.

Vladimir is a town on the Klyazma River. The high walls of that prison could tell many a tale. Fedoseyev, the young Lenin's teacher, was confined there at the end of the past century. He was allowed to send 19 letters a month to his relatives and friends. When *you* arrive in Vladimir you will write only one letter in two months. Fedoseyev complained of the dozens of prisoners who habitually loitered in the yard and the corridors, of political quarrels and meetings that stopped him from working (i.e., from writing articles). Luckily, you will be spared this type of disturbance.

The cruel Czarist days, when prisoner Frunze breathed deeply in his cell at Vladimir, have long since been consigned to oblivion. Frunze would not recognize the place today. The cell that formerly housed three people now houses six. Where there was formerly one single iron bar, there are now two. And today, in front of the windows there are blinds, extremely opaque. They stop your glance, hungry for the sky, which is barely visible (the earth, you will never see at all: the blinds are carefully adjusted that way). And all this against the background of semi-starvation (the first month following arrival is officially a hungry month, by order of the Ministry of Interior).

When a person who is hanged suffocates, he suffocates quickly and turns blue. When a prisoner in Vladimir suffocates, he suffocates slowly and turns white.

In Vladimir Prison there are many little pleasant things, but I shall not write about them, for my statement has become too long already, and it is probably time for you to go home. You are probably a family man, a loving wife and obedient children are awaiting you.

You may have noticed that now I am addressing you as *you*, the artistic approach has come to an end. I do not know whether you have understood anything through having been in my place, but I can stand your chair no longer. Apart from everything else, I want to change back for purely practical reasons.

I firmly believe that the time will come when the Polyakovs and Kuznetsovs will have to face an honest and impartial court for having refused us prisoners even the few sparse rights granted us by Soviet laws. I am afraid that by remaining in your place I should have to bear my share of responsibility for what was going on in the administration under my command.

I should not even be able to say that I did not know what was happening, for your statements, dug out from the archives, would shout: "I knew, I knew, I knew."

Hillel Butman



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SHEILA CASSIDY

# Prayer Under Duress

I FIND IT rather alarming that perhaps all the world by now has heard something of what's happened to me: that I'm a doctor; that I worked for four years in Chile; that I was asked to treat a wounded man who was unable to go to a hospital because the secret police were after him; I treated him just as a doctor would, without really thinking a lot about it, and then I suddenly found myself in prison.

Up until the time I went to Chile, I was a very ordinary sort of doctor, very concerned with the rat-race, wanting to be successful—not so much to be rich, but to be very good at my work and have a nice house and a car and do all the things I like doing. I chose Chile because some Chilean friends had told me a great deal about it, and it sounded very attractive. I visualized myself as working shorter hours and living the grand life and probably marrying a tall, gorgeous man, so off I set to seek my fortune.

I'd like to make it very clear that I didn't go out there to serve the poor. I went out as a private person, perhaps escaping from the hardness of medical life in England. And for a while it looked as if my dream would come true. But gradually, I grew to see the other side of Chile. With the worsening of the country's economic situation, hospitals began to change, and the poor and unemployed no longer received free medical treatment. I started working for a Church clinic in the shantytowns, and there, for the first time, I came face to face with the reality of poverty and suffering and hunger.

My work in the shantytowns led to my being asked to treat the wounded revolutionary, which led to my arrest. My first 24 hours in prison I was interrogated, subjected to a lot of physical pain, and threatened with death. For the first time in my life I thought I was going to die. Before, I had always said in a blasé sort of way: "Of course I don't mind dying, it'll all be okay." Now I suddenly thought: "Is it, is it all true, does God exist, am I making a frightful mistake?" I just hung on to everything that I remembered and came to the conclusion that it was true. But this was just a cold-blooded, intellectual decision; certainly I didn't feel terribly comforted by it.

However, prayer has always been important to me, and in the year before I was imprisoned I had disciplined myself to pray regularly, every day and in many situations. During the actual time of torture, I prayed in a very desperate sort of way, I suppose. They were trying to force me to name people I thought they were going to kill. I was desperate; I could not give in, so I just said: "Oh God, help me, help me." Not a particularly comforting sort of prayer, just an anguished cry in the dark. What was comforting was that I suddenly felt enormously loved by God and enormously close to Him, because I felt that I had in a way participated in His suffering. It seems very proud to say that, but it isn't meant that way.

LET ME TRY to express what I felt: to be stripped of my clothes and stretched out in such a defenseless way made me dare to think that perhaps I was experiencing in some slight way what Christ had suffered. All during that hard, very dark time I just felt that He was there, and I asked Him to help me hang on. And it was then that I understood the truth of what St. Paul said: "Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ—not nakedness, nor peril, nor sword." What I found curious, even at that time, was that I felt no hatred for my torturers. I felt sorry for them, and I could see how Christ forgave the people who tortured Him, because it was so obvious they were sad, sick people.

After four days of physical pain, I was moved into a new world and a new set of problems. I was left completely alone in a small room with just a bed, half of the Bible in Spanish, an old *Reader's Digest*, and a tiny glimpse of the mountains over a high brick wall. I was filled with an enormous amount of fear that any moment they could take me back and torture me again—or kill me. On a more practical level, there was the problem of how to get through 24 hours a day alone. Perhaps it's the same for people who live alone, who are ill and afraid of dying. I tried very hard to think

*After having spent four years in Chile, Dr. Cassidy, a British surgeon, was arrested in November of 1975 and charged by the Chilean government with aiding a left-wing extremist. Upon her release late in December of that year, her comments about her treatment while in prison caused a sensation. She now resides in England and, under the sponsorship of Amnesty International, has been lecturing on political torture throughout the world.*



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ust what God wanted of me at this time. And I remembered he prayer Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote while he was awaiting execution in a Nazi prison camp.

*O God, early in the morning do I cry unto Thee.*
*Help me to pray, and to think only of Thee.*
*I cannot pray alone.*
*In me there is darkness,*
*But with Thee there is light.*
*I am lonely but Thou leavest me not.*
*I am restless, but with Thee there is peace.*
*Thy ways are past understanding, but Thou knowest the way for me.*
*Lord, whatsoever this day may bring.*
*Thy name be praised.*

I tried very hard not to fight against what God wanted for me, and this is why I didn't pray to be released. Instead, I prayed endlessly that God should do what He wanted, that if I was to die, then so be it. But I prayed that I should have the strength to die decently and with dignity. One of the most difficult times was the night after my first visit to the judge, when I learned that I wasn't going to be released directly and that maybe I was going to spend five or even ten years in jail. This was a terrible night. I felt very near to breaking—and I prayed as did the soldier in the trench under fire.

*Stay with me, God, the night is dark—*
*The night is cold. My little spark*
*Of courage dies. The night is long;*
*Be with me, God, and make me strong.*
*Life with its change of mood and shade*
*I want to live. I'm not afraid,*
*But me and mine are hard to part.*
*Oh, unknown God, lift up my heart.*

I lay awake all night fighting with my natural urge to pray to be saved and released. Trying to abandon myself to the will of God was much harder than the experience of torture. Torture was imposed on me—I had no option—whereas abandonment is a voluntary act.

*That night, that year*
*of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.*

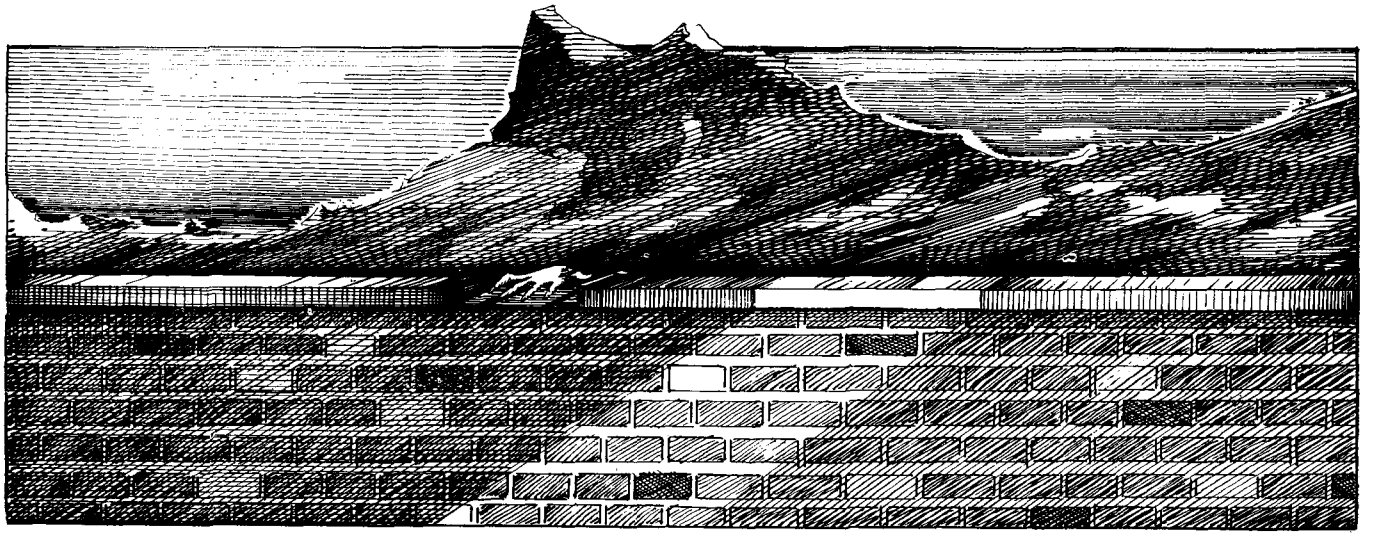
I prayed for strength, I prayed to know what was right. I tried to love Him, praise Him, thank Him. There was a lot to thank Him for. I thanked Him for the fact that I had a bed, that I had enough to eat, that I was alive, that I was well, that I had a book, a million different things. I thanked Him for the birds that came and ate the crumbs on the windowsill and for the grass and for the little bit of the mountains that I could see. Then I prayed for other people. I prayed for all the other people who had been tortured and who were being tortured. I prayed that they should have strength.

After three weeks alone, I was forced into yet another totally different situation. I was moved to a detention camp where there were 120 other women. We slept eight to a room in tiered bunks, so one was never, never alone. Suddenly, instead of thinking about myself all day, I had to think much more about other people and try to see how I could help them. And, having been so alone for so long, I was overwhelmed by their love and generosity. They worried desperately if they thought I was unwell or depressed.

***I was filled with an enormous amount of fear that any moment they could take me back and torture me again—or kill me***

I came to realize that they loved me specially because I, who was not a Marxist, had helped one of them. They showered gifts upon me, all the more precious because they had made them specially for me or because they were giving me things that were of special significance to them. A cross, made two years ago out of matchsticks and wool, was the first ever made in this detention camp. Some beads were made out of bread by a girl who had spent many weeks in solitary confinement. Miniature chalices, made out of coins, were a very special gift sent to me from the men's section of the prison. A Bible, given to me by the Red Cross in Chile, was signed by many of my friends in prison the day I left.

My fellow prisoners were all young professional people





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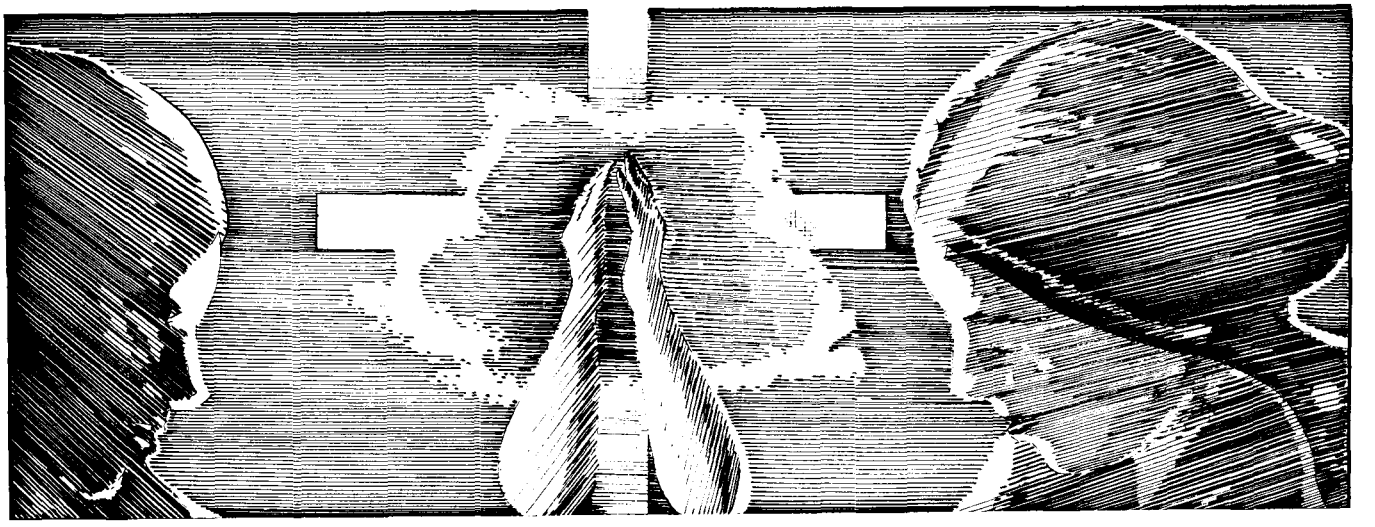

like me, and many of them were unbelievers. I was known to be a Catholic, and when the first Sunday came, people said to me: "Are you going to hold a service?" I was ashamed at how much it cost me to make this public witness, but to my great surprise, about 25 people came, so we sat down on the grass with a cross in the middle, and I tried to pick bits out of the Bible which would comfort people and help them. We prayed spontaneously, and I tried to share the thoughts that I had at that time, especially concerning the meaning of liberty. There's a very beautiful poem by Richard Lovelace:

*Stone walls do not a prison make,*
*Nor iron bars a cage:*
*Minds innocent and quiet take*
*That for an hermitage.*
*If I have freedom in my love,*
*And in my soul am free,*
*Angels alone, that soar above,*
*Enjoy such liberty.*

***I have found by bitter experience that time for prayer can easily be squeezed out of the day. I have learned to discipline myself to pray each day***

We talked about this a lot in prison and came to the conclusion that the freedom of the spirit that we had was a very real thing: although we were surrounded by ten-foot walls, barbed wire, and guards with machine guns, we really were quite free. It was the people who held us prisoner who were enslaved. The torturers were prisoners of some unspeakable evil.

And we prayed for freedom for ourselves, from our selfishness. Since I returned from Chile many people have asked me if prayer helped me while I was in prison. I have no doubt that it was of enormous help to me, especially during my time in solitary confinement. But what I would like to say is that I think it was the fact that prayer had become such an integral part of my life before I became a prisoner that made it possible for me to face the unknown with a calm that surprised even me.

In April of last year I made the decision to become a nun. This was the culmination of twenty years of running away from God. I felt like the man in Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven."

*I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;*
*I fled Him, down the arches of the years;*
*I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways*
*Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears*
*I hid from Him . . .*

In England now I live by the sea, and the immensity and power and beauty of it speak vividly to me of God. The sun too: the white light of the sun on a bright winter's day, and the way the sun is hidden by the clouds and then suddenly revealed again. If God chose to show Himself to us in bright sunshine all the time it would be easy to believe in Him and love Him; it is precisely because so much of the time He is partially or totally hidden that fidelity to prayer is so difficult. I have found by bitter experience that time for prayer can easily be squeezed out of my day by all the good that I fancy I am doing. So I have learned to discipline myself to pray each day and in every possible situation.

I HAVE LEARNED to use darkness as a means of pushing aside the cares of the day and being alone with God. With just an ordinary candle and a box of matches, I have my own portable church. So, sitting on the floor, looking at my candle, I sit with Him as I would sit with a friend, sometimes talking, sometimes listening, and sometimes just being there. It may be that I am tired and fed up, so I tell Him: "Lord, I am miserable and I want to go back to bed. Please accept this muddled sort of prayer and help me to face today and not be too bad-tempered and selfish, in fact just: Lord, help."

I have found that the more faithful I am to formal prayer, the more I find God in the ordinary things and the people around me. As I walk in a crowd or sit in a bus He is with me as my all-powerful and almighty God.

Now I understand how it is that the men signed with the cross of Christ go gaily in the dark. □



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SPECIAL MEMORANDUM

*To destabilize the Far East the U.S. should: 1) not renew base arrangements with the Philippines; 2) open up full diplomatic relations with Communist China; and 3) withdraw U.S. troops from Korea*

# Danger Spots in the Far East

DAVID NELSON ROWE

FIRST, THERE IS the Philippines, where maintenance of our current base arrangements, however modified in detail, is essential. The Filipinos wish to get rid of the last vestiges of colonialism, in this case focusing on the bases. But at least in that part of the world, bases under someone else's sovereignty are soft.

The single factor that could wreck successful negotiation of this issue is the "human rights" emphasis. The more we push the Marcos administration on human rights, the less chance there will be to solve the base problem. Failure to solve it will very substantially diminish the value of our security arrangements with Japan, and will drive Japan toward rearmament in a form we cannot approve.

As an observer of politics in the Philippines over the past forty years, it is my opinion that, paradoxical as it may seem from our own perspective, there is today under martial law a much broader and more widespread possession of human rights by ordinary people than at almost any time since the constitution of the Philippine Republic was adopted. For example—and not unrelated to the fact that a considerable number of persons are imprisoned without recourse to the writ of *habeas corpus*—the normal incidence of political assassinations in the Philippines has been lowered to the vanishing point.

2. As for the Republic of China, the one essential is the maintenance of our security arrangements with its government. Recognition of Peking would automatically abrogate the security treaty we now have with Taipei. Any attempt to substitute a so-called "verbal assurance" for the treaty will merely serve to convince everyone that security treaties with the United States are worthless.

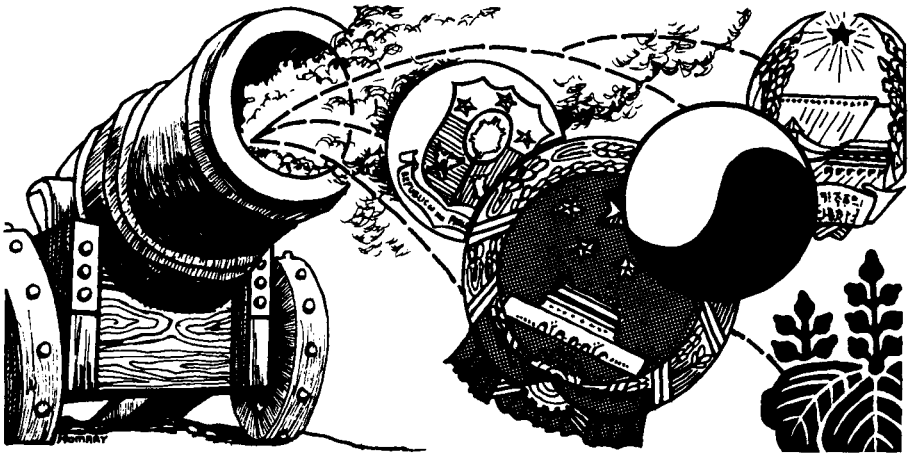
It has also been made clear by the Chinese Communists that from their standpoint any further weakening of the American presence in the Western Pacific would be no advantage. It would only convince the Peking regime of our weakness and lack of will, attributes that would scarcely be of any use to Peking in its confrontation with Moscow.

## *The Trip-wire*

3. In Korea, our military arrangements have been successful up to now in preserving what is at least a stabilized impasse. The intentions of North Korea toward the South are aggressive. Even if spread out over four or five years, the withdrawal of American ground forces from the Republic of Korea will arouse the hopes of North Korea for a softening of the will of South Korea to act in its own defense. To sustain the present stabilized military impasse in the Korean peninsula without American ground troops would require a degree of political stability in South Korea which is simply not there.

Here also, our emphasis on human rights can serve only to undermine civil order in South Korea. Anyone at all familiar with the psychocultural situation there can testify to the almost insoluble problem of trying to balance civil stability with any desirable level of human rights in American terms.

Moreover, in Korea as in Western Europe, to withdraw conventional forces from the theater will simply leave us with a dangerous reliance upon nuclear armament. No one, ourselves included, really believes we will be the first to use such weapons. After all, we did not use nuclear weapons to win in Korea at a time when the Russians could not have responded in kind, nor did we use them in the Vietnam War—



*Mr. Rowe, a lifelong specialist in East Asian affairs, is a professor of political science at Yale. This report was written last week, between two trips to the area on which he reports.*



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not even to prevent our own eventual defeat there. Thus, withdrawal of conventional forces from Korea means in the end: surrender.

The American ground forces in South Korea are an indispensable barrier to an attack from the North. They constitute a trip-wire which, once broken, would automatically involve the United States in any war there. It is largely *because* of this that no war has been started in Korea in the last twenty years.

### *The Japanese Response*

4. If the United States adopts a policy of withdrawal in the Western Pacific, the Russians will do their best to insert themselves into the vacuum thus created. Here I will reiterate a point that I have been making at high levels in Washington since last January. There is no doubt at all that the government and people of the Republic of China unqualifiedly prefer a viable security arrangement with the United States. However, this must not blind us to realities. The stark fact is that if the United States should reduce its security guarantees to the Republic of China to the level of a mere "verbal assurance," the ROC will have no alternative but to seek help from Russia. Such was the choice once made by Chiang Kai-shek, who, having fought the Communists in his own country for years, had no alternative after the Japanese attack in 1937 but to accept Russian help.

To the Russians, an opportunity, through rapprochement with the ROC, to cover the southeastern flank of Communist China's mainland from Taiwan and associated islands would be God-sent. Even more important to them would be the possibility of exploiting the deepwater port facilities of eastern Taiwan for strategic nuclear submarine operations. This would double or even triple their capability for covert submarine operations in the whole Pacific Ocean. At the very least they could thus deny the use of Taiwan's facilities to Peking.

5. That Japan would react to such developments by a quick decision to go thermonuclear should surprise no one. It has always been my own contention that, once the Japanese felt reasonably sure who would come out victorious in the world struggles of our time, the constitutional prohibition against nuclear arms would be cast aside, and the weight of Japan's power thrown onto the side of the winner, *this time*. Whichever its choice as between the rival Communist powers, that choice, as before, would not likely be the United States.

We should keep in mind that current pacifist leanings and policies in Japan are a radical departure from traditional Japanese norms. A return to these norms would merely parallel Japan's nineteenth century turnabout from strict isolationism to armed external imperialism. Now, as then, any such turnabout would have the gravest possible implications for the national security of the United States. □

# Vladimir Nabokov Meets Madame Butterfly

*Vladimir Nabokov:* Poor Butterfly, come into my net;
You are the handsomest and most exotic of lepidoptera yet.
*Madame Butterfly:* A thousand pardons. I await my lord Pinkerton
Who is arriving any day from America on the *U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln.*
*Nabokov:* Ah, those colors! That fragility! Exquisite grace!
I am ravished by the obsidian coiffure, the limpid eyes set in the porcelain face!
I must have you. Come, breathe the warm
Immortalizing fumes of my chloroform.
*Butterfly:* But, Nabokov-San,
I am promised to Hon.
Naval Lieutenant,
Presently absent.
I will not be unfaithful to him.
*Nabokov:* To such you are a whim;
To me Pale Fire.
What choice is there between his muscular velleity and my own mature desire?
Believe me, cherished
Cio-Cio-San, his appetite for you perished
Long ago, as you will sadly learn.
*Butterfly:* No! One fine day he will return.
*Nabokov:* I must warn you that your courageous *Un bel dì*
Is just another one of the
Puccini pastas leading to heartburn if you swallow it.
*Butterfly:* My heart leads. I must follow it.
*Nabokov:* What a pity!
For I would take you back to my passionate city
Where the most celestial butterflies
Speak to the memory of man's lost paradise.

—JOHANNES EFF



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MALACHI B. MARTIN

# Schism In the Church

DESPITE APPEARANCES, and despite all assurances to the contrary, it is now clear that the clergy and intellectuals of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the Western world are deeply divided by at least three, if not more, major schisms. This situation raises two important questions: First, will the schisms eventually rend the present tenuous institutional unity of the Church—and, if so, when? Secondly, what can and should the Church's central government in Rome —the Curia, headed by the Pope—do about these matters?

The most obvious schism concerns Marxism. In Latin America, in southern Europe, and to a lesser degree in the U.S.A., an impressively large number of clergy—together with some bishops, at least two cardinals, some academics, and many nuns—see no alternative to some form of Marxism in the near future. Contrary to their Church's oft-repeated repudiation of Marxism, they are actively seeking ways of reconciling Marxism's Godlessness with Catholic theology. They picture the Church as the servant of Communism.

The second deep schism concerns Church authority. The direct source of this schism is a number of European and American theologians. Their key concept is "democratization." In place of the present Roman government, these men uphold the right of local dioceses to choose their own bishops, and of parishes to choose their own priests. In place of authoritative teaching directives from Rome, they champion local authority exercised by means of a popular vote. Mao would have had a thousand flowers of dissent bloom; the new theologians would have at least 3,000 such blossoms in the Church, one for every diocese. By local voting (one vote per person), decisions would be taken on priestly celibacy, women's ordination, homosexuality, premarital sex, the divinity of Jesus, the Real Presence in the Sacrament, the infallibility of the Pope, and myriad other issues central to Roman Catholicism.

These new Reformers have decided to work within the present Church structure in their efforts to achieve this democratization. "There is not going to be another Reformation," one of them said some years back. Not so much because "we have no Martin Luther to lead us" (as another remarked at a recent press conference), as because such a Reformation would leave the Roman Church as it is. Whereas they insist: It must be changed.

INSTEAD OF another Reformation, therefore, these theologians are engaged in a vast re-education effort calculated to lead to a third Vatican Ecumenical Council with the active participation of official delegations of other Christians and of Jews. There, the dismemberment of the Roman Curia and of Roman authority would take place, as well as "official" approval of a new theology based not on the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, and tradition, but on the data of psychology, sociology, anthropology, political science, and economics. They foresee a possible "apocalyptic" phase in Church history when all seeming order and unity would vanish. Indeed, they regard this as almost necessary. The new Reformers are far more dangerous to Rome than the Marxists. Men with the mystical vision of Johannes B. Metz, the blazing intellect of Hans Küng, the juridical subtlety of Peter Huizing, the cold acuity of Jacques-Marie Pohier, will not be stopped by mere decrees from Rome.

There is, lastly, the taut, craning figure of French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, now resident at Ecône, Switzerland, who is spearheading an inevitable reaction to the new trends in worship, belief, and moral practice widely advocated since the Second Vatican Council. For seven years now, the Archbishop has been acting in defiance of Rome, reinstating the pre-Council liturgies and insisting that the innovations of the Council were inspired by those who wished to destroy the Church. As a bishop, Lefebvre has and is using the power to ordain priests (soon he will also consecrate bishops) and to found seminaries, schools, convents, and churches. And he is gaining more and more support every year throughout the Church.

As yet, none of these three groups of schismatics has attracted a sufficient number of bishops and cardinals to bring about fission at that level of Church government. Nor does any one of them command a large minority, much less a majority, of the world's 713 million Catholics. Lefebvrism and Christian Marxism stand the best chance of eventually building such a constituency, while the new Reformers burrow away at the intellectual and doctrinal level. It may well be that political events will eventually precipitate a crisis among large masses of Catholics, for Lefebvrists support right-wing governments, while Christian Marxists favor left-wing regimes, which is also where the new Reformers' sympathies lie. One way or another, the day may not be far off when an ordinary Catholic entering a Catholic church in one of our modern cities will have no way of knowing if that church still belongs to the institution whose head is the successor of Peter and the vicar of Jesus.

Rome has vigorously attacked only one of these movements: Lefebvrism. Not because it accepts the other two, but because Lefebvrism is the only one it fears: it believes it can outwit the new Reformers and can outlive any Marxist regime. But the fact is that Rome needs the sense of justice vivid in those who, out of their suffering, reach for a Marxist solution; that it can use the diligence and enterprise of the new Reformers; that it would suffer horrendous losses if the Lefebvrists' fidelity to the faith were lost to it. And all three brands of schismatics need Rome and Rome's authority, without which they will surely add up to nothing.

It is not too late for Rome to reach out in love, and not too late for Rome's potential schismatics to turn back from their anger. At stake is a new stage in the history of the Church of Jesus. □



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# Tromping Molehills

*We Must March, My Darlings*
*By Diana Trilling*
*Harcourt Brace, 315 pp., $10*

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

In the Sixties it was fervently believed that the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction. Diana Trilling is a workhorse of instruction, patiently, laboriously taking to task the young tigers of the Left, as well as a few older cats like Lillian Hellman. It was what she had to say about Miss Hellman that got Mrs. Trilling in Dutch with Little, Brown, this book's originally scheduled publisher (and Miss Hellman's, wherefore the fuss), and caused newspaper headlines; but her criticisms are really pretty mild, nearer to I-beg-to-differ-with-you than to vituperation.

The pieces collected in this book, written over the last decade or so, represent a campaign of containing the Counterculture. Mrs. Trilling loftily replies to Timothy Leary, Garry Wills, Norman Mailer (for whom she professes great respect), Robert Lowell, Germaine Greer, and others of the silly Sixties, especially the children whom the greying Left treated as oracles. The trouble is that loftiness seems the wrong tone. Why spend a dozen pages belaboring the critics who went ape over *Easy Rider*? That film was interesting as the lugubrious self-portrait of hippiedom, with its free-spirited drug-consuming (and -dealing) heroes cycling through paradise, only to be murdered by vicious rednecks; and it is an interesting fact that the reviewers were so shy of deploring the ethos it represented. But all that need be said about it was said in a quip by Al Capp, who liked the movie because it had a happy ending. (Now *there's* a tiger of wrath.) And though it is heartening to hear a liberal say, "Not all anti-Communists are liberals, but in my view no one can call himself a liberal who is not an anti-Communist," still, one wishes she could more often be so brief and pungent.

The whole book has the air of having been written by a Houyhnhnm, a rational being who conscientiously demonstrates what nobody doubts, and triumphantly refutes what is believed only by those who are deaf to refutation. The reader is therefore startled when Mrs. Trilling recalls, toward the end of an apparently dispassionate essay on the 1968 Columbia strike, "The emotions of the long spring weeks finally overcame me and I began to cry." What brought this on? A commencement address by Richard Hofstadter, who spoke, at the maimed rites of graduation, on the necessity of reform, but reform that would conserve the achievements of reason.

Hofstadter said (in Mrs. Trilling's words) that "it might be that the good the university stood for was the best we knew in our faulty world." And she believed that, so deeply as to be moved to tears by it. "The pulpit," she goes on, referring to St. John the Divine, where the graduation ceremonies were held, "was empty, . . . but education was addressing the congregation. And for most of us education is still sacred, for where else in this modern universe of ours, unless to education, are we to look for our continuing civilization, where else do we issue our passports to enlightenment?" Education is for her a charismatic term, its power to move not explained by its literal meaning. We who live in the same cultural neighborhood with her may have a fair idea of what it means to her, but we would find it hard to justify the value she attaches to it to a reasonable inquirer from another world.

In fact we seem even now to inhabit another world, and these essays, written within the last decade or so, already have about them the staleness of period pieces. She can turn a phrase, as when she sums up the dress and tonsure of the kids as "uniforms of dissent"; but generally she prefers tried-and-true academic locutions like "tragic confrontation," "significant achievement," "the most important writer of our time" (Mailer), and dozens of "indeeds." Her writing is not without grace; there is nothing really wrong with her sentences except their abundance. This probably reflects her rationalism: it doesn't much matter whether your prose sparkles and shines, so long as it abides by due process of reason. Applied to such ephemera as Mark Rudd, this style produces ponderous bubbles, an elephantine trudge over molehills.

Despite the slight mustiness of it all, the book has the historical interest of

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**Robert Atwan**, *a freelance writer, is editing an anthology of American literature.* . . . **Michael Barton** *is an assistant professor of social science at Pennsylvania State University.* . . . **David Brudnoy** *is film critic for WNAC-TV and* Boston Magazine, *and host of* The David Brudnoy Show *on WHDH Radio.* . . . **Herbert Kenny** *was the Robert Frost Fellow in Poetry at Breadloaf in 1956 and is the author of three volumes of poetry and other books, among them* Literary Dublin: A History. . . . **Robert Merry** *has been a writer for the* National Observer. . . . **Norbert Muhlen** *is the American correspondent for a number of European newspapers.*



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reminding us that these were once lively controversies—at least until the author entered them. And even her accounts have their vivid moments. When she reports instead of analyzing, she can convey the euphoria of radical happenings, the poignancy of young Radcliffe feminists' confusions, the clumsiness of a pair of lesbians trying to shock an audience that doggedly approves of them. Now and then she offers a pointed observation: "I will not march under the flag of the Vietcong, and where has there been a protest against American error under an American flag?"

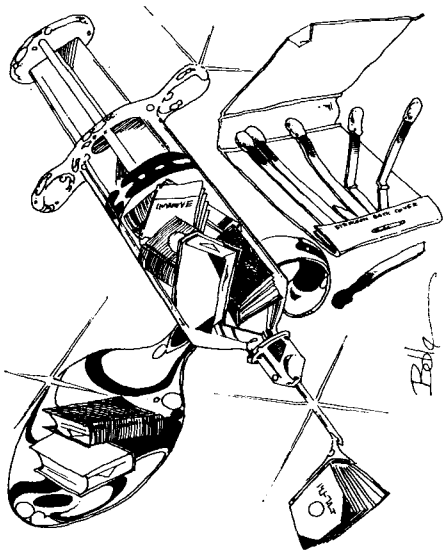
If only this had been distilled or focused. Mrs. Trilling is a woman of such obvious intelligence and literary gifts that the terrible solemnity seems extraneous, as if it were the result of some unnecessary strain. It may be that she is simply unsure whom she is writing for, and can't assume any link between her and her reader except abstract "reason." That would explain the strange deracination of sensibility, which suggests that she feels compelled to justify every utterance, and can't rely on her audience to extend a measure of sympathy and personal indulgence. Rationalism is one of the masks of diffidence; both are debilitating to the kind of communion necessary to political and aesthetic persuasion. This timid judiciousness simply doesn't take one very far. The tigers of wrath may not be wiser, but they are more readable. □

## SWELL LETTERS

*Falconer*
*By John Cheever*
*Knopf, 211 pp., $7.95*

## EXHAUSTION

D. KEITH MANO



John Cheever's fiction burned like swimming pool chlorine: high in the sinus maze. He ran a mown world; the little hand got stuck at cocktail hour; elegiac sunset light glazed patios. I felt upwardly mobile reading Cheever: I thought I'd have to declare him on April 15. Yet afraid: electric hedge clippers had the killing sound of a BAR; there were unfound pungi traps on your lawn. Of course no one ever died in a Cheever. People, um, *left.* (Recall that *Bullet Park* commuter who is dematerialized, all but his shoes, by the speeding express train? Mass transit.) Cheever spoke to us about death as a parent might speak about run-over pets: kind euphemisms that terrify and confuse more than blooded fact. After *Wapshot*, gentle dread moves into suburbia: implicit murder and violence and sexual hostage-taking. So subtly, though, that no Cheever person can separate terror from paranoia or from the terror of paranoia. Expressionism, I suppose: *Le Charme Discret de la Bourgeoisie.* Subconscious middle class fears get thrown up on the screen: a home slide show. Yet that juxtaposition—horror and martinis—seemed futile, self-indulgent, comic. What did all this have to do with Vietnam or affirmative action: with important matters: UNESCO, for instance? Nothing; and it was a blest relief.

The new novel is Cheever upside down. *Falconer* has been transferred to a different neighborhood—Falconer Penitentiary—where real violence hangs out. John Cheever is uneasy with real violence; real violence means real guilt, and Cheever, a gentleman, just can't bring himself to indict. Evil in *Falconer* isn't expressionist, it's expressed: Cheever will try to airbrush it over with shadow and dream, but the effort doesn't quite come off. Farragut, his protagonist (fratricide, heroin addict, college teacher—that last crime carries the heaviest sentence), Farragut is an immigrant from Cheever's land of fanciful suburban ambushes. Half-hearted, half-assed attempt after half-hearted, half-assed attempt has been made on Farragut's life: by brother, father, wife. In comparison the hard-core, honest crime of Falconer is welcome. Welcome, but not very intriguing.

I've never skin-popped heroin or methadone, but I can guess what it'd feel like: like John Cheever's prose. His style is a sort of high: incidentals are endowed with beauty or danger or blown-up significance. Farragut's methadone buzz is the perfect cognate for Cheever, his writerly business. Mainlining Cheever you can put up with an awful lot. In this narcotic rush the wife looks good, even though you perceive that she'd kill if it didn't discompose her perm. Experience is eerie and soft and out-of-perspective and somehow truer: diplomatic relations are opened with the elusive past. It's an addict's special inner ambiance. Understanding will be improved and made bearable in exact inverse ratio to the surrender of effective personal will. John Cheever is Superfly, a pusher. Close his book and you get withdrawal symptoms.

THE IMAGE of Narcissus floats up again and again. At his pool: admiring, reflective there. Cheever folk are selfish to the point of autism. They have a death wish: for others. Any galvanic tic of human closeness, caring, is enough to spring prisoners from the pen in a semi-magical way. It doesn't happen often: twice in *Falconer.* The mark of tenderness is nostalgia, a term that appears with almost obsessive regularity throughout Cheever's *œuvre.* Nostalgia, the word, has been deballed pretty much. Cheever will use its original connotation: pain of a return. Those who feel this pain, feel. Cheever has always expected women to be nostalgic. In "The Fourth Alarm" a husband will say, "Had nakedness—its thrill—annihilated her sense of nostalgia?" And Farragut: "I think nostalgia a primary female characteristic." Yet women disappoint. Falconer isn't a prison: it's a male stronghold to be held against women. Women are egocentric, present-tensed, threatening, and—most of all—eccentric.

Some years ago I wrote in *Book World* that eccentricity was "the most charming and characteristic aspect of John Cheever's writing. . . . The eccentricity is an eighteenth century inven-



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tion. In the twentieth we have only clinical sorts of tragic and wasteful madness. Eccentricity is private and, well—pastoral. It is a trait of the small town: agrarian America." *Falconer*, so to speak, marked Cheever's twentieth century debut. It was an awkward initiation. You can't be eccentric, quaint, comic—except through drugged eyes—in the urbanness of Falconer. Clinical and wasteful madnesses dishearten John Cheever.

*Falconer*, the man has hinted, will probably be our last Cheever novel. I can understand why: it's as if his style, that marvelous narcotic, could no longer keep sordidness and human ignobility at arm's length. Cheever has been a guardian to his readers: he has protected us. But there is exhaustion in *Falconer*. The exhaustion of a man who has been scrounging for fixes all his life. □

*Henry's Fate & Other Poems, 1967-1972*
*By John Berryman*
*Farrar, 94 pp., $7.95*

# BERRYMAN'S FATE

## ROBERT ATWAN

They return: the slippery, stage-struck Henry, his burnt-cork minstrel buddy, countless walk-on pals & gals, the ghost of a suicide-father, a gallery of wives and lovers, a front row full of idolatrous undergraduates, and enough dead poets to crowd a sprawling country churchyard. "*Requiescant in pace*," Berryman added hopefully to an explanatory note introducing *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*, the 1968 volume of "dream songs" in which he announced that his favorite toy, Henry, and his wide cast of supporting characters were being laid to rest. As Berryman expected, however, no one got any rest—not the poet, not his hero, and especially not the critics, whose dreams continue to be troubled by the tricky identities and the perplexing literary stratagems of Henry and his gang.

Yet critics thrive on such trouble. And so did Berryman's reputation. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1965 for *77 Dream Songs*, he also received the National Book Award for the sequel, *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*, in 1969. Critics and poets, including Berryman, were soon promoting *The Dream Songs* (1969) as one of the major long poems in our literature, up there with Whitman's *Song of Myself* (Berryman's acknowledged "model"), Eliot's *Waste Land*, and Pound's *Cantos*. Few seemed entirely sure what *The Dream Songs* were all about, but *The Waste Land*, if it proved anything, proved that opacity need be no barrier to critical receptivity. Helps create university jobs, too: "*will assistant professors become associates/by working on his works?*" Henry asks half-jokingly, half-resignedly in one of the last dream songs. For even though his awards, his Maileresque grandstanding, his "lost weekend" style of alcoholism, and his much-publicized self-destructive impulses helped create for him a larger and more diverse audience than contemporary poets are accustomed to, Berryman, a university professor himself, knew that his hard-core readership would be chiefly academic.

A tough fate for any writer, especially a poet with the overwhelming ambition and obsessive appetites of a John Keats. From one of Keats's anxious sonnets, Berryman takes the cue and title for his most explicitly autobiographical volume, *Love & Fame* (1970). It is Keats, moreover, whose all-consuming sexual drive Berryman evokes right at the start of *The Dream Songs*: "*Keats sweat/for hopeless inextricable lust, Henry's fate*" (Song #6). And if any epigraph be attached to some future full-scale assessment of Berryman's life and work, it ought to be the final lines of another of Keats's sonnets:

*Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,*
*But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.*

Berryman lived at close quarters with all of these non-academic intensities, and *The Dream Songs* record their domination of the poem's flimsily disguised autobiographical central character, Henry, who is sometimes affectionately known as Pussycat, sometimes as the minstrel endman, Mr. Bones. Henry's sense of identity is never very strong; Berryman obviously agrees with Keats that "a poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no Identity, he is continually in for and filling some other body." A compulsive impersonator, Henry survives as a character with no identity but plenty of personality.

# RANDOM NOTES

■ More July Titles: In *Our Great Spring Victory: An Account of the Liberation of South Vietnam* (Monthly Review Press, $15), General Van Tien Dung propagandistically recounts the events of his 55-day campaign that accomplished the fall of Saigon in 1975. . . . John Barron and Anthony Paul's *Murder of a Gentle Land: The Untold Story of Communist Genocide in Cambodia* (Reader's Digest Press, $8.95) describes and carefully documents the genocidal activities of the Khmer Rouge, who have been ruling that unhappy country since 1975. Says *Publishers Weekly* (*Publishers Weekly*!?): "This nightmare, which bears comparison with the worst Stalinist atrocities, has received scant attention in the American press." . . . Samuel Hynes, himself a splendid scholar and writer of British intellectual history, has written an introduction to an anthology, *Rebecca West: A Celebration* (Viking, $15). . . . In *The Power of the Positive Woman* (Arlington House, $8.95), Phyllis Schlafly lambasts the ERA and every assumption upon which it rests. . . . Isaac Kramnick argues, in *The Rage of Edmund Burke: Portrait of an Ambivalent Conservative* (Basic Books, $15.95), that Burke was a manic-depressive, probably a homosexual, and an ambivalent bourgeois radical who could not decide whether he loved or hated the aristocracy whose existence he at least in theory defended. . . . Billy Graham's *How to Be Born Again* (Word Books, $6.95) comes as irrefutable proof that, now as ever, the ultimate authority does *not* reside in the White House. . . . In *The Unsettling of America* (Sierra Club Books, $9.95), Wendell Berry attacks agri-business and indeed the mechanization of agriculture, which he claims has all sorts of untoward effects upon unexpected aspects of our civilization, such as sexual love.

■ An August Title: Paul Johnson, former editor of the *New Statesman*, recently published *A History of Christianity*. His new book is *Enemies of Society* (Atheneum, $10), in which he examines the pernicious factors that led to the destruction of various of the world's civilizations. He concludes that the common fault has been "unfree political systems."



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Once having invented the fascinating Henry, so beguilingly transparent, so in touch with the author's style of self-congratulatory self-recrimination, how could Berryman consign him to the horrible blank fate awaiting characters whose books have come to an end? He couldn't. *Henry's Fate & Other Poems*, the latest collection of Berryman's work—the fourth volume of his writing to appear since his suicide in 1972—features 45 previously unpublished dream songs in what promises to be the first in a series of mini-*Henriads*.

Berryman, it seems, could not let Henry rest in peace. In his introduction to this volume, British critic and poet John Heffenden cites a 1970 letter in which Berryman says *The Dream Songs* are formally over, but he keeps writing them "just out of habit." Not surprising, given his other notorious obsessions:

*Hunger was constitutional with him,*
*women, cigarettes, liquor, need*
*need need*
*until he went to pieces.*
*The pieces sat up & wrote. . . .*
(Song #311).

And wrote. Berryman pushed himself unrelentingly. He wanted to be remembered as a hard worker, a meticulous craftsman, who, to use one of his favorite expressions, "stuck." By contemporary standards, he was a prolific poet. According to Heffenden, a great number of miscellaneous poems and essays remain unpublished, along with several hundred more dream songs. Since Berryman had very likely rejected most of these dream songs as he plotted out his verse *roman à clef* between 1955 and 1967, Heffenden decided to include in *Henry's Fate* only those he felt fairly confident were composed "out of habit" after 1967, dream songs that do not necessarily carry with them the stigma of Berryman's implicit rejection. But whether *Henry's Fate* contains all the dream songs written after 1967 or only those Heffenden could conveniently cluster around the title poem remains unclear.

Two other complaints about the volume: Why not some of the earlier, "rejected" dream songs instead of the miscellaneous rough drafts and fragments that at this point would be better off left in manuscript? Why the melodramatic grouping at the back of the volume of the poems Berryman wrote during his difficult last months, since most of these in style, idiom, and fated theme are dream songs through and through?

A quart a day, three packs a day, more or less, on and off, "Legman assman bustman" Berryman wrote. Clearly, poetry was the one oral gratification he couldn't do without. Right up to the end, as most of the poems in *Henry's Fate* show, Berryman retained amid all the shifting identities his tough-minded comic timing and his fine sense of delivery:

*The song was made in darkness, to be set alit*
*(obstacles placed by the singer in the way of it)*
*by a hearer like a new friend.*

*Gravid Henry groaning, tousled like a mop—*
*these labor-pains, how can he keep it up?*
*Is it our need he feels,*
*or something just between the two of them,*
*Henry & the English language, his stratagem*
*besides the banana peels.* □

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*Robert Frost: The Later Years, 1938-1963*
*By Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick*
*Holt, 512 pp., $17.95*

## FACING THE FURIES

### HERBERT KENNY

This last volume of the biographical trilogy on Robert Frost suffers from the death, while the work was still in progress, of Lawrance Thompson, the poet's designated biographer. Unlike the first two volumes, therefore, this one bears a dual signature, the second being that of a graduate student of Thompson's who then became an assistant to him. The volume has also suffered at the hands of reviewers (particularly in the *New York Times*) who have chosen to review Frost rather than it.

Astonished to find that Frost, magnificent a father-figure, had fau and severe ones, critics have jumped him with hobnailed boots, gleefully nouncing him for extravagances tl would chuckle over had they been delinquencies of a political rebel. U fortunately, Frost was not a rebel. did not try to destroy the Establi ment, and worse still, he was anti-N Deal in the heyday of Roosev anti-welfare state, patriotic, and d gently monogamous. His virtues (ev as his literary style) were not attur to the Zeitgeist. Moreover, whate his tribulations, he refused to ask print for our pity, or to retail his si He was a Puritan and a God-haunt man. His first devotion was to his a and he was conscientiously concern as to whether or not he had done he should have with the talent that w in him. He stands in our pantheon literary giants. As a close friend of I said to me, "He did not pretend to bc saint, and he wasn't; and he did pretend to be a wise man, which was."

As I have written elsewhere, tl third volume, even as the first tw spares Frost in nothing, but reve: him at his worst: quarreling wi friends, lying about associates to th detriment, ignoring obligations, sham lessly aggrandizing himself, and emba rassing his government. This indi ment we are given in full. (The bo recounts bluntly how he insulted Arcl bald MacLeish, needled Robert Franc beyond decency, put his own wor into the mouth of Khrushchev to ma a political point, only to back off mc ungracefully when called to account

How then did he hold friends f half a century, exalt acquaintances a friends with his intimate conversatio inspire younger writers, and, in fac transmit to his listeners, by his presen and animadversions, a spirit of ma nanimity that enlarged them? Who d not feel increase from having knov him? Who did not from having rea him? Why these things were so is n explained by this book, and on th score it fails. This is not to denigra Mr. Winnick's accomplishment in win ing up another man's work. What h has done is accurate, scholarly, wel documented, and well-indexed. It ju does not tell the whole story. That, M Thompson might have provided had h



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ed: he might have sensed in this mmation the need to imbue the ortrait with the full and unique colors. erhaps, though, even as poetry eludes anslation, there is that in a man's esence which cannot be verbally conyed.

This book opens in the year when ost's wife died, and Mr. and Mrs. heodore Morrison took him into their es. He was in a desperate state at the ne. Almost at first meeting he proosed marriage to Mrs. Morrison, who omptly turned him down. She did gree to serve as his secretary, and he l but made his home with the Morsons. Theodore was then running readloaf Writers' Conference, and he ought Frost into it as its major atraction. To Kathleen Morrison and er husband, Frost owed his sanity and s life.

Critics who ignored Frost's poetry ecause they deemed it not complex ough now realize that Frost was one f the most complex of men. Scrutiny f these three volumes prompts the peculation that he saved himself from inacy by a sheer act of the will. When ne reflects on the suicides of John erryman, Theodore Roethke, Sylvia lath, Randall Jarrell, Anne Sexton, Hart Crane, and others—all of whom ave our sympathy—the question arises s to what we are to say of a man who aces the Furies that brought these rtists to their graves, and defeats them.

HERE IS the crux of Frost's life, and his book doesn't explain or attempt o measure it. All the clues are given, owever: an alcoholic father, a sister ho was insane, a daughter who had o be confined, a son who killed himelf; a wife Godless and evidently without humor and as strong-minded as he; nd an intellectual milieu that turned ut a hundred books of riticism and hagiography on his chief rivals or every one devoted to im. His insecurity led im to the indulgence of aults such as attend the anic cycle. But he did ot surrender, he fought; lindly perhaps, and like ny man striking out in the dark, he ometimes hit the wrong target.

In brief, Frost is not in this book; nly parts of him are, and he won't be aptured by condensing this volume and its predecessors into one. What is needed is a profound portrayal that will remember what his aim was, in what circumstances he worked, and what he achieved. Whatever personal psychoses he fought, he left only nobility, emotion, grace, and wisdom on the page. □

# VICTIMS

*POW: A Definitive History of the American Prisoner-of-War Experience in Vietnam, 1964-1973*
*By John G. Hubbell*
*Reader's Digest Press, 633 pp., $15*

## HERO WORSHIP

ROBERT W. MERRY

If one measure of a nation is its capacity to produce heroes, a greater measure is how it treats them. That men of uncommon heroism emerged from the Vietnam War is attested by this disturbing yet inspiring narrative of those harsh, gloomy, painful years when America's forgotten soldiers faced the lonely test of patriotism in a foreign hell. That so many of them passed the test is something of a tribute to their country as well as to themselves. And the POWs' performance is all the more impressive when it is remembered that so many of them not only defied isolation, pain, and suffering in the name of their country, but did so while half the country was mocking the ideals they struggled to uphold. That is the profound dichotomy of the Vietnam experience, and it had tragic impact on the lives of many Americans.

For the most part, the POWs in Hanoi, fortified by the fiber of a previous era, were remarkably untouched by the nation's ambivalence. Most of them managed to stand by the traditional military virtues. But not all of them. And the trouble with this book is its lack of sensitivity toward those others who couldn't pass the test. Some of them may have been simply weak, not unlike the weak who appear when any war puts a nation's young men to the test. But some of them may have been true victims of that tragic dichotomy, young men who faced simultaneously the relentless fury of the enemy and the contempt of many of their countrymen.

In addition, Hubbell's narrative has a storybook quality that forecloses any real inquiry into how the POW experience actually affected the lives of those captured. In depicting the courtships of many of the young officers and their wives, for example, Hubbell leaves the impression that they all came straight from an old Jimmy Stewart movie. No doubt many of them were like that, which is touching. But Hubbell ignores the human frailties that in some cases couldn't withstand the pressures of those sad years and hence contributed to the divorces that followed the homecoming.

In short, Hubbell is inspired by heroes, which is difficult to question. But his curiosity doesn't seem to go beyond those heroes to the non-heroes, or to the way in which the heroes may have been let down by their country. He ignores the broader questions posed by the POW experience.

THUS, HE'S NOT very interested in such men as Abel Larry Kavanaugh. Kavanaugh was one of the eight Peace Committee members at the Hanoi POW compound known as the Plantation. These were enlisted men, not well educated, clearly not made of very stern stuff. And so it wasn't difficult for them to succumb to the antiwar clichés that were being thrown around in Harvard Yard and other such places. Besides, they received special favors for adopting the rhetoric of America's young elite, so why not?

But upon their return they were charged by a fellow POW with aiding the enemy, showing disrespect to a superior officer, and conspiracy. The military later dropped the charges. You could make a case that these young men deserved punishment; you could also argue that they had suffered enough and it was better simply to put the matter to rest. Either way, it is a question worth exploring, as part of that great drama in which world events converge upon ordinary men, caught up in the struggle quite by chance and largely against their will. But Hubbell shows his lack of interest by mentioning only in passing that Kavanaugh "died" before the charges were dropped.



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What Hubbell doesn't mention is that Kavanaugh sat in the bedroom of a Denver home just six months after his return and put a bullet through his head —while his wife, who was pregnant, sat combing her hair across the room.

Abel Kavanaugh may or may not be very important in the historical scheme of things. But surely any man who returns from wartime captivity and promptly kills himself deserves a little attention in a book that purports to be a definitive history of the POW experience.

And surely it isn't enough—at least with this war, and especially four years after the homecoming—merely to recount the heroism, as deserving of reverence as it is. The significant question is what the POW experience did to the lives of those Americans selected by fate to live for years amid the rat-infested squalor of the North Vietnamese prison camps. To answer that question is to begin answering the broader question of whether the country was worthy of those who sacrificed, hero and victim alike. □

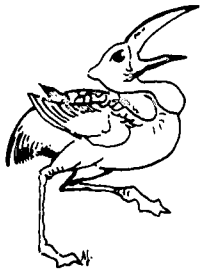
*Nemesis at Potsdam: The Anglo-Americans and the Expulsion of the Germans—Background, Execution, Consequences*
*By Alfred M. de Zayas*
*Routledge & Kegan Paul, 268 pp., $9.95*

## BENIGN NEGLECT

NORBERT MUHLEN

In the years immediately following World War II, some 16 million people were driven out of Central and Eastern Europe; two million of them did not survive the violence, disease, and near-starvation they were subjected to during their involuntary migration. The world at large paid little attention to their fate. Part of the reason for this negligence was that the victims were of German descent: in the wake of the Nazi crimes, it was fashionable to assume that "they had it coming to them," despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of them had in no way been involved in the horrors of the Hitler period. Furthermore, this exodus was set in motion and enforced by the Communist leadership of the Soviet Union, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and not-yet-Communist Czechoslovakia: governments which, as Americans were told, always did the right thing in their own progressive way. As many people were expelled from their homelands in these few years as had emigrated to the United States in the four decades between 1881 and 1920. Yet unlike those emigrants, the German migrants arrived against their will in a war-torn country; penniless, deprived of their possessions, they were dumped, after their trek to the West, into ruins.

In his well researched, closely reasoned work on this dark chapter of recent history, Alfred M. de Zayas, an American lawyer who set out to write his book in 1969 as a student at Harvard Law School, leaves little doubt that there have been few historical parallels to this record of modern mass atrocity. But rather than waving the bloody shirt, he tries to answer a question which is puzzling indeed: How was all this possible when the Potsdam Protocol clearly stated that "the transfer to Germany of German populations remaining in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary . . . should be effected in an orderly and humane manner"? The agreement was signed by President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee as well as by Generalissimo Stalin. Yet the United States and the United Kingdom tolerated these most inhumane and disorderly transfers, which violated their war aims, the Atlantic Charter, indeed the very spirit of democracy and decency in whose name they had fought the war.



Even before the Potsdam Conference Roosevelt and Churchill had given the green light to Czechoslovakia's Eduard Benes when he proposed to rid himself of the "Sudeten-Germans" who inhabited one-fourth of the Czech Republic; these Germans—who had been incorporated against their will into that new state after the dissolution of the Habsburg Empire and had thereafter been discriminated against by the Prague government—were now to be thrown out and expropriated. The same method was applied when the Soviets claimed the eastern parts of Poland for their own empire; the Poles were to compensated for these losses by equal or greater portion of Germ lands across their western border, lan which were to be cleared of their Ge man owners. In a similar way the Sovi Union itself, after swallowing wi areas of East Germany, drove out tho of the inhabitants who had not alrea fled before the mass rapes and lync ings perpetrated by the conqueri Soviet soldiers.

WHILE THE PROVISO that the expu sions be undertaken in a humane ar orderly way soothed the consciences the Western statesmen, their Communi counterparts did not waste a mome worrying about it. They simply push their own and their satellites' borde as far westward as possible. Occasio ally, Western ambassadors were i structed by their governments to pr test these goings-on, but they scarce caused the Communists a sleeple night; allegations of disorderly and i humane operations, they assured Was ington and London, were just lies Fascists and neo-Nazis. On the whol the West preferred to treat the who matter with benign neglect. This jo was made the easier by the fact th Western commentators—with a few e ceptions, notably Anne O'Hare McCo mick and Christopher Emmet in th country; Victor Gollancz, F. A. Voig and Bertrand Russell in England—an mass media largely ignored the ho ror story from the East or, at bes glossed it over.

Today, all this is by no means merel distant history. True, the West Ge mans have managed to integrate pr ductively the 14 million surviving e pellees; and they have renounce (under Willy Brandt's Socialist leade ship) all claims to their expropriate lands. Thirty years after the expulsion the children of the expellees—and her I disagree with Mr. de Zayas' view— have little or no desire to return to th homes of their fathers, notwithstandin the proclamations to the contrary o some of their aging leaders, and no withstanding their annual convention which, with their folk dances, costume and parades, rather suggest the ethni festivals that are so common in Ameri ca.

But there remains a highly topica lesson in Mr. de Zayas' narrative. I presents a classic example of the at



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ıtion the Soviets pay to Western con-
rn with humane and orderly condi-
ıns, or, as we say in the age of Jimmy
ırter, with "standing up, from time to
ıe, against violations of human
;hts." Then as now, Moscow couldn't
re less, as long as these protests do
ıt interfere with the expansion of
viet power.

A future historian of, say, the Hel-
ıki accords might well refer his read-
s to the history of the Potsdam Pro-
col as Mr. de Zayas has written it—a
story of the conning of the West, by
elf as by its enemy, into supporting
›viet crimes and Soviet domination. □

# 'ILM

## HE PERFECT MOVIE

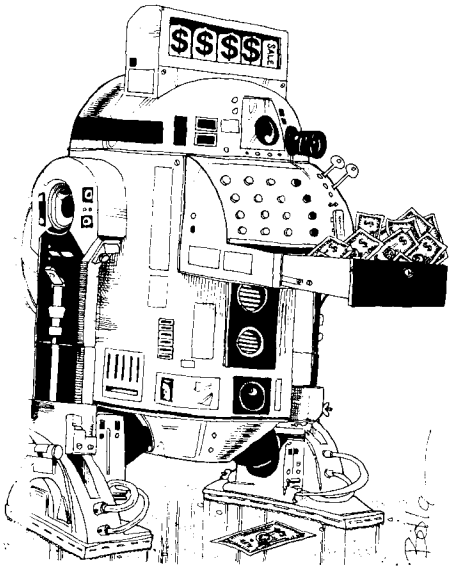
AVID BRUDNOY

small percentage of the hundreds of
otion pictures made each year are
ard-core, X-rated stuff, reviewed only
specialized magazines and designed
›r a selected, if not select, audience.
few dozen are G-rated, most of them
estined for short, profitless lives (the
yth that there is an immense demand
›r "family" pictures is almost always
;ploded at the box office). The rest are
ıted PG—which means that parents
ill usually be guiding their children
to films short on nudity but long on
olence—or R, which category differs
om X in the explicitness of the sex,
ıt not in the amount of gore.

Therefore, as the range of high-
ıality pictures has narrowed over the
st decade or so, the movie audience
as narrowed with it. Since bearable
ıildren's movies appear infrequently,
ıd since every child now grows up
ith a TV set within immediate reach,
ıe little kids are more or less lost to
ıe movie theaters; their elders—if they
re squeamish or prudish or too upset
bout the real world's problems to seek
ıem out as "entertainment"—tend
› stay home and listen to radio talk
ıows. So the movie audience is now
omposed mainly of people from their
ens to their forties; and the movies,
ollowing the law of popular entertain-
ıent—give 'em what they want to see
—mirror their audience's presumed
astes and values.

Their tastes are, presumably, raunchy, and their values situational, like their ethics. Coping is hot stuff in the contemporary film: coping with the drear, the drug traffic, marital discord, premarital adventurism, race hatred—name your problem, and there are a dozen films out this week ready to hand you 93 minutes' worth of advice on how to deal with it. The lost genre is the unequivocal right-besting-wrong story simply told, entertainingly constructed, delightful to experience, and leaving an aftertaste of joy instead of the usual, depressing let-us-now-analyze-it-for-its-contemporary-significance feeling. Last year, *Rocky*—an old-fashioned love story in modern dress—broke the contemporary spell by resurrecting the genre; and this year's *Rocky* is *Star Wars*. The film is a phenomenon at the box office, not only for the reasons *Jaws* and *The Exorcist* and the two *Godfather* films were—its excellence of construction and thrilling narration of a rip-roaring good story—but also for the reason *Rocky* caught America's fancy: it is unashamedly a fantasy, and if the pollsters haven't yet caught on, America appears sated with reality and wants some magic again.

Writer-director George Lucas (*American Graffiti* and *THX 1138*) originally wanted to make a "Flash Gordon" movie but, unable to get the rights to that venerable space fantasy character, decided to write his own story and incorporate into it all the elements of the perfect movie he had dreamed of making from childhood. "Ray guns and running around in space-ships and shooting at each other,"




Lucas says, and "a big battle in outer space, a sort of dogfight thing. I knew I wanted to make a movie about an old man and a kid. And I knew I wanted the old man to be a real old man and have a sort of teacher-student relationship with the kid. I wanted the old man to also be like a warrior. I wanted a princess too but I didn't want her to be a passive damsel in distress."

He got what he wanted, and we've got the most enjoyable film in a very long time, suitable, doubters should be told, for absolutely everyone; offensive, I should think, to no one except those who prefer to see wrong beat right. It is a silly fluff of a film the very silliness of which is its wonder: it is set, the introduction tells us, "long ago and very far away," but it is actually utopian, meaning from nowhere. It is everything its creator dreamed of and, at the comparatively modest cost of $9.5 million, a technological wonder. (The excruciatingly dull *A Bridge Too Far* cost $27 million, and *Star Wars*' noblest sci-fi predecessor, *2001*, required $10 million a decade ago.) The only thing depressing about it is that it has an end. (Even so, take heart: a sequel is on the way.)

WHAT STAR WARS does is restore to space that mystery of which NASA and the Russians robbed it. We now *know* what's out there, but *Star Wars* lets us forget that. The polarities are clear-cut, all ambiguity washed away. Standing for The Force—the Good, that is—is Obi-wan Kenobi (Alec Guinness); and for Evil, the Grand Moff Tarkin (Peter Cushing), Lord Darth Vader (David Prowse), and their storm-troopers of the sinister Galactic Empire. The kid Lucas wanted to put in the movie is a simple farm lad from the arid planet Tatooine, a boy named Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), cute as a button and innocent of all vice. Luke joins up with the wise old Kenobi, a swashbuckling space pirate named Han Solo (Harrison Ford), a computer, and a robot, and together they sail off through space to rescue Princess Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher) and thwart the imperial forces' heinous plan to obliterate the last vestiges of rebel freedom.

Originally Lucas planned to have his computer and robot serve as the film's stars. Though they've been subordinated now to the humans, they remain in the moviegoer's memory long after Hamill



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and Ford and Fisher and even after Guinness, who is absolutely perfect in his part. The prissy, almost human robot C3PO (See-Threepio) and the squat, squeaking, ungainly little computer R2-D2 (Artoo-Detoo) provide the ongoing comic relief—or, more accurately, since the whole film is comic relief, the spoof on the technological aspects of the sci-fi genre. Nearly four hundred special effects, many never before possible in movies, lend a continual visual splendor to *Star Wars*; and the assemblage of weird creatures, magnificent landscapes, fast-paced battles, and utterly ludicrous dialogue that only a child (like me) could adore handsomely supplement the hokey story line and flesh out the two-dimensionality of the lead characters. *Star Wars* is as old-fashioned and uplifting as Faith and Love, as familiar as Superman, and as bright and new as next spring. □

# THE CLERISY

## LOVE AMONG THE BRAINS

MICHAEL BARTON

The concept and physique of it are matchless. It was born during the strike against the *New York Times* and its *Book Review* a few years ago. Its title, *The New York Review of Books*, suggests its parent very explicitly without being a plagiarism. Printed on newsprint, it looks like the parent but is rougher (notice the serrated edges); its surface feels, literally, not so "slick," so it summons up the serious, authoritative image of *The New Republic*. There is a virile, economical, proletarian quality about it, but it is hardly to be confused with the *National Enquirer*, even though its cover is likewise filled with headlines. No worker would pick it up by mistake.

There is not a photograph in it. Instead, it is embellished with magnificent, fine-lined drawings and engravings, most by David Levine, and that is one of its stoutest characteristics. It perspires with importance and intelligence; the print fairly smears. If it had been published in any other form it would not have worked so well. I wished to doubt him before, but now I know that McLuhan was right at least once, because the medium in this case is critical to the success of the message. Imagine, the most influential, intellectual publication in America—a proven fact—being an impermanent tabloid! You are taken aback when you realize this. To set you at ease they offer permanent cartons for displaying and preserving it. They offer special rates—with Levine's drawings, suitable for framing—as teasers for subscribing. But they are not without commercial integrity. The elegant advertisements are for books alone, and the publishers do *not* sponsor a book club. I deduct the cost of my copies, as they are necessary in the production of my income as a professor.

The *NYR* (their own acronym) attracts the brightest writers in the world, who are, of course, all on the Left. Many women write for it, and many Englishmen. Their presence also sets *NYR* apart. The writers would have voted for only two of our American Presidents: Jefferson, because his rhetoric and intelligence had subversive potential (and he lived with a Negro woman in Paris), and Harding, out of spite, because he was the people's embodiment. They have a reasonably large collection of reviewers, though they are often accused of writing for a small audience—one another.

The reviews are the longest ones you will find, and they are always thoughtful, but the books are sometimes just a pretext for the reviewer to distribute his own political wisdom. Related books are often reviewed in bunches, so there is the greatest opportunity for summary, irony, and juxtaposition. There is no religion, nearly always a little history, some literature of course, much political philosophy, and, lately, a lot of psychology, but it is always analytic and never the pure experimental stuff. *NYR* reviews few books that you would consider middle-brow (unless you co sider anything public as necessar middle-brow). It rarely reviews t same works as the news magazines, a there are many footnotes, academi tattoo.

*NYR* is never dull or simply sch arly. It is not mean-tempered, but it often sardonic and occasionally scat logical. Recently, for instance, a nu ber of revisionist books about Fre were discussed under the grand hea ing, "The Anatomy of Mind." In t middle of the page Levine had sketch Freud red-faced, holding up his tro sers, with a puddle at his feet. Now th is *hauteur*. Incidentally, they use ma foreign words, like *hauteur*, no dou to separate the humanists from t technicians.

All this awes me once a month ar keeps me up very late reading. But wh specially interests me is something p ripheral to the main body of the jou nal. Peripheral is just the right wor for I am referring to the Personal Co umn on the back pages. The tiny essa in it are perfectly inappropriate.

YOU HAVE just memorized the initi good parts of Susan Sontag's perceptiv review of Leni Riefenstahl's *Last of th Nuba*; you thumb to the back for i conclusion, and behold:

> BAY AREA woman with aesthetic, poli cal, intellectual bent, wishes encounte with interesting, turned-on man. A age, but must be grownup and onto t cosmic joke.

What?

> PEACEFUL, young woman, 30s, perce tive, giving, open, creative, would sha quiet, happy life with a warm, gentl sensuous man, preferably one who friendly to plants and loves Bach.

Heh! Then:

> TENDER, ebullient Village man, 34, tal slender, very attractive, very unattache —uniting Hegelian depth with Cartesia simplicity, Nietzschean passion with de adent loving-kindness, seeks intellectu humorous, sensuous, kind, self-confide woman.

Aren't we all. Gracious. A few are les prolix:

> YE GODS, I can't believe I'm really 4 Any chance of meeting a sexy youn woman (of any age) before it's to late?

But most sound like the first three. On



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/onders how they read before they are dited.

You must remember, this is the most erebral forty pages in the country. It epends on folks who have discipline, /ho have denied themselves meaner ratifications for years in order to read ooks and practice their craft. But there is. They just let it all hang out, so to peak. Now we must rephrase the ques-:on: never mind the Scots; what does dean from Columbia wear under his own?

One would expect that sort of thing rom *Psychology Today*, which is into ensitivity, self-expression, and all those ninistrations. But no. *PT* is too busy awking things in its Personal section "Fart Proudly! Ben Franklin's 1780 omedy essay. 8½ × 14, $3." "Join Dignity—A national group of Gay Catholics." "Condoms by mail." "Amer-can-Mexican Introductions. Free De-ails"). Nothing so tacky or greedy in he *NYR*, although once or twice a bad umber slips in ("100 names, ad-dresses, of Oriental men who want to orrespond with American women").

Most of the pieces are proudly heter-sexual:

> SINGLE PROFESSOR, 31, into politics, logging, computers, and Budweiser, stranded in the Carolinas, seeks woman who can walk and chew gum at the same time.

But a few homosexuals make queries:

> RETIRED, PROFESSIONAL man wants to employ young male aide who looks like clothes model.

Some give you the impression that Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon never found one another:

> ATTRACTIVE, INTELLECTUAL woman, good sense of humor, divers interests, opera administration background, currently active in concert management. I believe honesty and sincerity are most important in personal relationship and am seeking a well-educated, affectionate, imaginative, single gentleman, 47-58.

> INTERESTING, TALL attractive gentleman, young 47, fun to be with, will share tea and sympathy with attractive lady whose secret pleasure is to wear her hair very long.

Nearly all the seekers—and there seems to be a balanced distribution by age and sex, if not by occupation—want a *sensitive* person. That is certainly the most common trait that is sought. But they are also blatant in calling themselves *attractive* and in insisting that their partner be so. No one, naturally, believes he is dumb, nor will he tolerate that deficiency in others. Some demand sex, others imply they do not require it. Some make a point of their race, religion, and politics. The women are more discreet than the men, who sometimes list their perversions or say aloud they are pursuing an extra-marital affair. There are more stereotypes than I could count.

ONE COULD use these brief essays to document what is wrong with the intelligentsia in America, or, simply, what is wrong with America. Or, I suppose, what is right with America. But what strikes me is this: why is the *NYR* sponsoring this dating game? What these poor people value, and what the journal seems to value, run counter to each other. Their release opposes its restraint. *Esquire* used to be the only magazine that indulged in such contrasts—all those fine articles followed by columnar advertisements for silken sheets ("Over 21"), skimpy supporters ("The Sock! by Brawn"), and exercisers ("The Bullworker")—but you assumed, or hoped, that this was just their way of granting you those last few smiles at the expense of tawdry shopkeepers. But the *NYR* seems quite serious about its last pages, as if it had missed the scandal.

Is it all by design, this contrapuntalism? Is sad yearning now co-equal with critical theory? Is the polymorphous-perverse proportionate to the contributions of I. F. Stone, Garry Wills, and Robert Coles? Does *NYR* sort your books for you with one hand while it cups the other over your knee? Ralph Ginzburg, for once you have been anticipated! □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FAN, *by Bob Randall (Random House, 243 pp., $7.95).* The author of *6 RMS RIV VU* and *The Magic Show* offers here a terrifying novel about a stage actress bedeviled by a persistent admirer. The book is cast entirely in the form of letters and memoranda to and from the principals and their friends. Sally Ross, the star, and Belle Goldman, her secretary, are besieged by letters, at first adoring, later threatening, and finally psychopathic, from Douglas Breen, whose love is intense and unrequited, and finally turns to hatred. A wealth of valuable psychological insight, believably presented and sharply delineated, gives the book an added dimension: we come to understand the phenomenon of fanhood and capture a bit of that bizarre relationship that exists between so many persons in the public eye and a segment of their public; and we realize, given what has happened to more than a few great stage and screen presences at the hands of their obsessed admirers, that *The Fan* is not wholly a construction of its creator's imagination. The book is a quick read; an intelligent treatment of an unusual subject; an alarming story; and, as everybody's grandmother used to say, it's a caution.

DAVID BRUDNOY

BASEBALL AND THE COLD WAR, *by Howard Senzel (Harcourt Brace, 298 pp., $10).* Howard Senzel, like many of us, spent his youth hearkening to the strains of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." Later, he found his sensibilities altered—the alteration evidenced, one supposes, by those tell-tale goosebumps raised by the strains of "Give Peace a Chance." True, his experience was not universal: there was the odd radical or two (they were the ones who refused to stand for the National Anthem) who spent the Sixties at Shea Stadium, delighting in the antics of the Mets; and there were those who, like one of Senzel's friends, couldn't quite give their hearts to the Movement until Willie Mays retired. Not so our guilt-burdened author. From an early age, when his father took a job with Topps Bubble Gum Company—he would bring home the baseball-card proofs, revealing, to young Howard's dismay, why he never could complete his collection: there really *were* five Solly Hemus cards for every Stan Musial—Senzel realized that baseball was just another capitalist tool to induce kids to buy more bubble gum. It was only a small step from there to his search for proof that the CIA had used organized baseball in its cold war with Cuba, which futile search is recounted here with all the hoopla of a World Series broadcast. (Unfortunately, it has all the dramatic impact of the annual Mets-Yankees Mayor's Trophy Game.) Having at last realized the futility of his indignation, Senzel kisses and makes up with baseball and now, one presumes, sits home Saturdays watching the Game of the Week, keeping track of batting averages instead of Vietnamese body counts. His return to the fold only underscores the ultimate puerility of the radical movement. Better to have watched grown men playing a boy's game than to have been a boy playing at being a man.

ALLEN G. WEAKLAND



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# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

ONLY RARELY do I dissent from learned judgments provided elsewhere in these pages, but Ferdinand Mount's assessment of *The Future That Doesn't Work* (edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.; Doubleday, $6.95) requires, I think, a brief response.

In the course of an immense review two issues back, Mr. Mount opined that the Tyrrell book goes "off the rails" in its conspectus of the British welfare state because it attributes to "social democracy" failings that should be laid to socialism proper. It is a fine distinction, though for all I know a correct one (we would need a better definition of "social democracy" to find out), and I would readily concede that the drawing of such conclusions is a job for Englishmen and not Americans.

In a sense, however, that is just the point. The Tyrrell book is meant to supply *American* readers with an overview of British problems, and in this respect, on my untutored browsing, it succeeds quite well. The wide-eyed Yankee will discover, for example, that government spending in the United Kingdom absorbs some 60 per cent of GNP, that social service outlays have grown 500 per cent in the past two decades, that more than 500,000 Britons are on waiting lists for surgery, that English productivity is roughly half that prevailing on the Continent.

Here also the American reader will learn that British inflation has recently soared as high as 26 per cent a year, that British crime rates are ascending rapidly as permissive practices take hold, that the political system is almost totally in thrall to lawless labor unions, and that the Conservative Party has helped to seal the nation's fate by meekly aping Labor's program. This unworkable future, all too plainly, could be our own.

To Mr. Mount, who knows the situation from up close, all this must be old hat, so that the primordial facts of failure seem less important than determining which set of influences has been most weighty in producing such lugubrious data. To this American reader however, it is the overwhelming proo of crack-up, the firm detail of th demonstration, and the baleful pre figuring of our own experience that ar important and arresting.

Warnings from and about Great Brit ain, indeed, have been flying thick an fast in recent months, and we woul do well to heed them. Among the mos eloquent of these is *The Collapse o Democracy* (Arlington House, $8.95) by Robert Moss, the brilliant youn editor of *The Economist*'s weekly *For eign Report*. Moss is one of a risin generation of British journalists whos outlook is markedly similar to that o American free-enterprise conservatives and his command of issues—from mar ket pricing to Communist agitprop—i masterly.

MOSS DISSECTS the British economi breakdown to good effect, confirmin in full the verdict of the Tyrrell volume But he examines as well the problem o explicit subversion and the collapse o British will in combat with the Marx ists, placing the issue in its appropriat global context. What is happening i England, he tells us, is part of a genera struggle between totalitarianism an freedom, and he gives us sound instruc tion on this subject from the prior ex amples of Czechoslovakia, Chile, an Portugal.

That such concerns are not exclusiv to conservatives may be seen from *Th Death of British Democracy* (Prome theus Books, 923 Kensington Ave. Buffalo, N.Y. 14214; $13.95), b Stephen Haseler, a member of the Brit ish Labor Party and an adherent of th late Hugh Gaitskell. Though differin from the previous authors on matters o basic economics, Haseler underscore the judgment that Britain is being con verted into an authoritarian state b radical theoreticians and trade unio extremists. All three books should b pondered by Americans who want t learn from Britain's misery and avoi its repetition on our shores. □



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### Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JAMES JONES:

*Some Came Running*

Why had whoever . . . invented modern chess not made the king the strongest piece and the queen the weakest and not made the object of the game to protect the queen? . . . Sheer male vanity would have demanded that. . . . Whoever . . . invented it had done just the opposite. Had a woman invented the game?



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

# Moynihan Fires One

**On The Right**

*New York*, July 5—Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has given a most remarkable speech in pursuit of the causes of the decline of New York. It is a document both exhilarating and frustrating. It takes us to heights from which we can clearly see all those confused and confusing little men, diligently doing their mischief. But then, with a tantalizing phrase or two making obeisance to reality, Senator Moynihan retreats cagily from the conclusions his own analysis urges upon him. Still, the strength of his work, the fine display of a trained urbanist skill, makes it an important document. He has said that he intends to go to the White House and, in effect, read the speech to President Carter, which reminds me of General Amin's stated intention in 1973 to go to the General Assembly of the United Nations to read to the delegates the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. President Carter has much to learn from Mr. Moynihan's analysis, but it would require him to unlearn many of the generalities that got him elected President.

MOYNIHAN begins by saying that New York has got the short end of the stick, to which the answer is: Yes, it has; and, No, it hasn't. It has got short-changed economically over the years in the sense that more money left New York for Washington than was later dispatched to New York from Washington. There is no reason why that should surprise anyone except sleepy New York voters. The standard of living in New York has been, traditionally, higher than that of many, indeed most, other American states. Under the circumstances, any redistributionist venture would, net, quite naturally take money from New York to spend elsewhere. New Yorkers deserve what they got, in the sense that they have habitually sent to Washington representatives and senators who habitually vote for federal spending programs the logic of which has been to draw money away from the richer states for the advantage of the poorer states. The Congress that voted to set up the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare with $100 billion to spend didn't understand itself as engaged in taking money from Mississippi to subsidize New York.

But the situation in New York worsens. Senator Moynihan points out the truth, namely that as a highly taxed community begins to suffer economically, the high tax rates tend to continue, but revenue decreases even as social costs rise. "The Scythians could not have bred two wild horses better equipped to pull New York apart."

Unquestionably, the figures point to the progressive impoverishment of New York. "If the economy of New York State had kept pace with the economy of the nation since 1969, we would now have one million more jobs than we do. New York City would have one-half million more."

BUT WHY is this happening to the Empire State? Senator Moynihan's answer combines, as it happens, truth and diplomacy. Or, at least, a gentleman-politician's ration of the truth.

"There are no sufficient reasons for the absolute decline of our state, not even our own considerable mismanagement of our own affairs. To the contrary, I have reached the conclusion that our decline has come about as the largely unintended, but nonetheless direct and palpable, consequence of the policies of the Federal Government. I have come to the conclusion that much of our economic decline is imposed on us from the outside, much in the way our welfare predicament is imposed on us from the outside."

Although there is a passing reference here to local "mismanagement," it is insufficient. Because New York's profligate political leaders have done their share at least of making economic life in New York marginally prohibitive. And—most important point of all—the federal measures and rules that have proved so costly to New York have been backed by the great majority of New York's elected representatives. So that the political and moral responsibility for New York's plight lies with —New Yorkers. □

## MOYNIHAN FIRES AGAIN

*New York*, July 7—Senator Moynihan, having arrived at the conclusion that outside factors are primarily responsible for the plight of New York City, proceeds to list them. They are: 1) The "overall pattern" of federal taxation and expenditure, involving an economic drain. 2) Federal environmental policies. And 3) federal tariff policies.

We have noted that political leaders of New York can hardly complain if they endorse, as they have historically done, redistributionist economic measures handled by the Federal Government, and if New York proceeds to be taxed to support such measures.

As regards anti-pollution, Moynihan explains that "The Commissioner [of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation] is saying that there are lots of crumbling buildings in New York City, and that this is one reason there is a lot of dust, and further that if no economic expansion is permitted by the environmental regulations there will be a lot more deterioration of buildings, and, ultimately, a lot more dust." Mr. Moynihan is then extremely careful. What he wants to say is that some environmental standards imposed on the cities by a Senate committee 13 of whose 15 members come from states largely made up of prairies, lakes, and meadows are simply inappropriate for industrial cities. But he cannot antagonize directly so powerful a lobby as the environmentalists', so he says, "It is not my purpose here to argue that the particular standards in question are overly strict." (That exactly is his purpose.) ". . . I would assert, though, that when environmental laws prohibit us from building [certain] plants; when they place over our cities standards that we do not always meet in the heart of our forests, . . . then we begin to see that the economy of the city and of the state are as much affected by these laws as they are by the laws of economics."

The third bill of particulars Mr. Moynihan cautiously introduces. "It is still, perhaps, heretical to say this, but



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the doctrinal dedication of the Departments of State and Treasury to removing trade barriers has permitted severe economic dislocations in New York." He speaks, in particular, about the garment industry, which between 1969 and 1976 lost one-third—82,000—of its jobs. Most of these job losses, he implies, were because of foreign competition.

Mr. Moynihan is right to be apologetic, inasmuch as free trade is the basis of a civil international comity. Apart from this, there are Americans in New York and everywhere in the Republic who are working to produce goods for foreigners, which they cannot pay for save as they earn money by selling to the United States. Moynihan quotes a report from the Bureau of Labor Statistics to the effect that the garment industry was "the highest-paying industry in the country in 1939," while today, "the high-paid industry is autos, and the garment industry is at the bottom."

How is this the concern of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Senator from New York? It is of professional interest to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Sociologist at Large. But some industry, by definition, has got to be the lowest-paying industry. Human beings need food, clothing, and shelter primarily, and it is therefore a social blessing whenever the price of these essentials diminishes, in virtue of productivity (the American genius), or the availability of cheaper imports. The Irish famine would not have happened save for the restrictive Corn Laws.

Fortunately, Senator Moynihan does not go on to propose a special tariff law for the benefit of New York garment workers. Garment workers edged out of the city are almost certainly at least as much the victims of the high overhead of New York life—brought on mostly by Democratic politicians in Washington and their counterparts in Albany and in City Hall—as of industrious Japanese.

Senator Moynihan concludes his major speech, of interest to every city with problems similar to New York's, by making concessions. "There is no way to avoid the proposition that New York's troubles became severe only when the great upsurge in federal spending occurred in the late 1960s and early 1970s. In overwhelming degree, New York as a political entity supported the new programs for which these vast new expenditures were required. It surely will not serve any interest for us now to be forced to consider that in doing so we may have undone ourselves."

That was a graceful bow to reality (which is a synonym for conservatism), and a beacon to American liberals who really care for the survival of the cities. □

## AUCTION TIME AT THE ACLU

*New York*, July 2—The Associated Press brings us an item on a recent fund-raising auction in New Orleans. Let me relieve the suspense—the auction was a success. It brought in about $3,000, which, apparently, is average.

The custom in such matters is for tradesmen to be invited to contribute items which are then auctioned off. But the ACLU deals in a different métier, so that instead of collecting color television sets, round-trips to Israel, two-ounce bottles of Sortilège, and dinners for two at Antoine's, it offered a smorgasbord of professional services from all those people who hover around the ACLU taking advantage of the liberties it secures for us. The most exciting contribution—the most generous, one gathers—was: one free abortion.

That contribution was, presumably, by a practicing abortionist—a doctor. Last week, you will remember, the Supreme Court ruled that it is not required that states pay for abortions out of tax money, and this caused a great hue and cry, with the suggestion that from now on only Doris Duke can get an abortion, everyone else will need to go to the nearest Snidely J. Whiplash in a grimy basement, or—as in the movie *The Other Side of Midnight*—to a clothes-hanger. Well, spirited bidding in New Orleans resulted in a selling price of $30. That must have disappointed the folks at the ACLU. Who knows, it may have embarrassed the doctor. If you make a grand gesture before an appreciative house where, moreover, the tradition calls on the bidders to be extra generous in their donations—which are usually tax-deductible—then you normally get bloated prices. But thirty dollars!

AN ECONOMIST, taking this datum, would authorize one of several inferences. The first and most obvious is that $30 is the true free-market rate for an abortion in New Orleans by a licensed practitioner. If that is so, it teaches us a great deal about the hysteria of those who have said that, with abortion no longer paid for by the government, it will be priced out of the popular market. Just about everybody can afford $30. And since you can't have an abortion more often than once every couple of months, you can keep a special piggy bank for the purpose.

There is, a properly trained economist would insist, the alternative explanation: perhaps in New Orleans there is no demand for abortions. The old problem of selling refrigerators to Eskimos. But common sense suggests otherwise, New Orleans being a city of passionate people, and, although heavily Catholic, by no means exclusively so. No—it has got to be that science has brought down the price of abortions to a very low level.

Speaking of very low levels, another item auctioned by the ACLU was a free divorce. This went for $19. Now, understanding this requires a little more concentration. A licensed doctor administering an abortion is engaged in a pretty routine event. The objective is absolutely straightforward: kill the fetus. But divorces are, to a certain extent, artistic instruments. There are all those little points of bargaining, and evidently the bidders at the ACLU auction feared that the lawyer offering the free divorce was an ambulance-chasing type, not up to looking after the sophisticated demands of such classy people as attend ACLU auctions. As much might explain why free legal services for driving while intoxicated brought only $10. The explanation is not only reasonable, it is charitable. The entire price structure of the legal fraternity would collapse if divorces sold for only $19, and drunken driving defenses for ten bucks.

THE LEADERSHIP of the ACLU has shown considerable originality. Next year it might auction a free defense for rape. If they maneuver the very best lawyer in New Orleans into making that contribution, then the successful bidder might figure he has in effect bought himself one free rape. In the land of noblesse oblige, the same bidder might also buy the free abortion voucher—which he could then stuff down the dress of the girl.

The implications are fascinating. I do wonder, though, whether there aren't some problems here the ACLU hasn't thought through. Suppose the intoxicated driver runs over the guy with the free rape and abortion vouchers, and they are discovered among his assets. Who pays the estate tax? The ACLU? But surely the ACLU would find that unconstitutional. If the ACLU really wanted to jazz up its fund-raising, it should auction off the reconstitutionalization of prayer in the schools. Or would that demean the spirit of their auctions? □

**(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. Martin Van Buren's party in 1848 presidential election — 3 99 95 102 161 178 17 105

B. BURLAP SINCE — 18 15 84 127 145 169 182 34 190 93 108

C. Method of reducing inequities of inflation — 36 9 66 146 191 213 24 47 98 110

D. A type of clause included in labor agreements to offset inflation — 44 21 164 192 122 54 59 201 88

E. A ruler who found that wage and price controls are ineffective — 65 1 117 125 174 205 30 58 62 113

F. An Asiatic starling — 148 28 16 74 10

G. What many voters become because of token elections — 175 104 29 212 73 100 6 22 142

H. Inflation keeps these from hatching — 196 119 23 31 124 48 171 12

I. A Greek letter — 198 8 214 70

J. _____knows no law except to prevail. —Publilius Syrus — 211 170 168 129 89 96 25 69 188

K. Lacking strength — 78 83 172 2 75

L. A member of a British party (you would be left out) — 94 76 26 158 32 215 138 163

M. One who possesses certain traits — 107 45 35 79 173 77

N. A baseball great surrounded by confused German air (I'm not lying) — 131 80 55 176 63 166 202 27

O. Clothes — 155 179 37 46 56 203 61

P. A type of triangle — 40 123 82 159 50 38

Q. People who are sometimes restless at night — 103 143 141 177 118 152 41

R. In opposition to — 115 184 157 197 120 204 193

S. Most favored by luck or fortune — 139 126 85 90 60 106 133 199

T. Starts — 165 217 64 156 132 91 189 57 183

U. What Lincoln and Douglas were — 114 67 51 109 135 86 207 97

V. French of, Roman six, and once prominent stuttering movie actor — 153 208 43 92 87 72 52 128

W. Transfers of another's property to one's own possession — 14 137 149 185 195 206 19 130 33 39 180 42 68 81

X. Associated with navigation (sounds like a bad Coolidge) — 144 136 186 160 147 53 134 4

Y. Follows a winding course — 181 154 167 209 111 151

Z. Willing to accept nomination — 11 101 5 194 121 140 116 187 210

a. Fear of foreigners — 71 20 49 150 162 200 216 13 7 112

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 843 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | 1 E | 2 K | 3 A | 4 X | 5 Z | 6 G | 7 a | 8 I | 9 C | | 10 F | 11 Z | 12 H | | 13 a |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 W | 15 B | 16 F | | 17 A | 18 B | 19 W | 20 a | 21 D | 22 G | 23 H | 24 C | 25 J | 26 L | 27 N | 28 F | | 29 G | 30 E |
| 31 H | 32 L | 33 W | 34 B | 35 M | 36 C | 37 O | 38 P | | 39 W | 40 P | | 41 Q | 42 W | 43 V | 44 D | 45 M | 46 O | 47 C |
| 48 H | 49 a | 50 P | | 51 U | 52 V | 53 X | 54 D | 55 N | 56 O | 57 T | | 58 E | 59 D | | 60 S | 61 O | | 62 E |
| | 63 N | 64 T | 65 E | 66 C | 67 U | 68 W | | 69 J | 70 I | 71 a | | 72 V | 73 G | 74 F | 75 K | | 76 L | 77 M |
| | 78 K | 79 M | 80 N | 81 W | 82 P | | 83 K | 84 B | 85 S | 86 U | 87 V | 88 D | 89 J | | 90 S | 91 T | 92 V | 93 B |
| 94 L | 95 A | 96 J | 97 U | | 98 C | 99 A | | 100G | 101Z | 102A | 103Q | | 104G | 105A | 106S | 107M | 108B | 109U |
| 110C | 111Y | | 112a | 113E | 114U | | 115R | 116Z | 117E | 118Q | 119H | | 120R | 121Z | 122D | | 123P | 124H |
| 125E | 126S | 127B | 128V | 129J | | 130W | 131N | | 132T | 133S | | 134X | | 135U | 136X | 137W | | 138L |
| 139S | 140Z | 141Q | | 142G | 143Q | 144X | | 145B | 146C | | 147X | 148F | 149W | 150a | 151Y | 152Q | 153V | |
| 154Y | 155Q | 156T | 157R | 158L | 159P | 160X | | 161A | 162a | 163L | 164D | 165T | 166N | 167Y | 168J | | 169B | 170J |
| 171H | 172K | 173M | 174E | 175G | 176N | 177Q | 178A | 179O | | 180W | 181Y | | 182B | 183T | | 184R | 185W | 186X |
| 187Z | 188J | | 189T | 190B | 191C | 192D | 193R | 194Z | 195W | 196H | | 197R | 198I | 199S | 200a | 201D | 202N | 2030 |
| | 204R | 205E | 206W | 207U | 208V | 209Y | 210Z | 211J | 212G | 213C | 214I | 215L | 216a | 217T | | | | |



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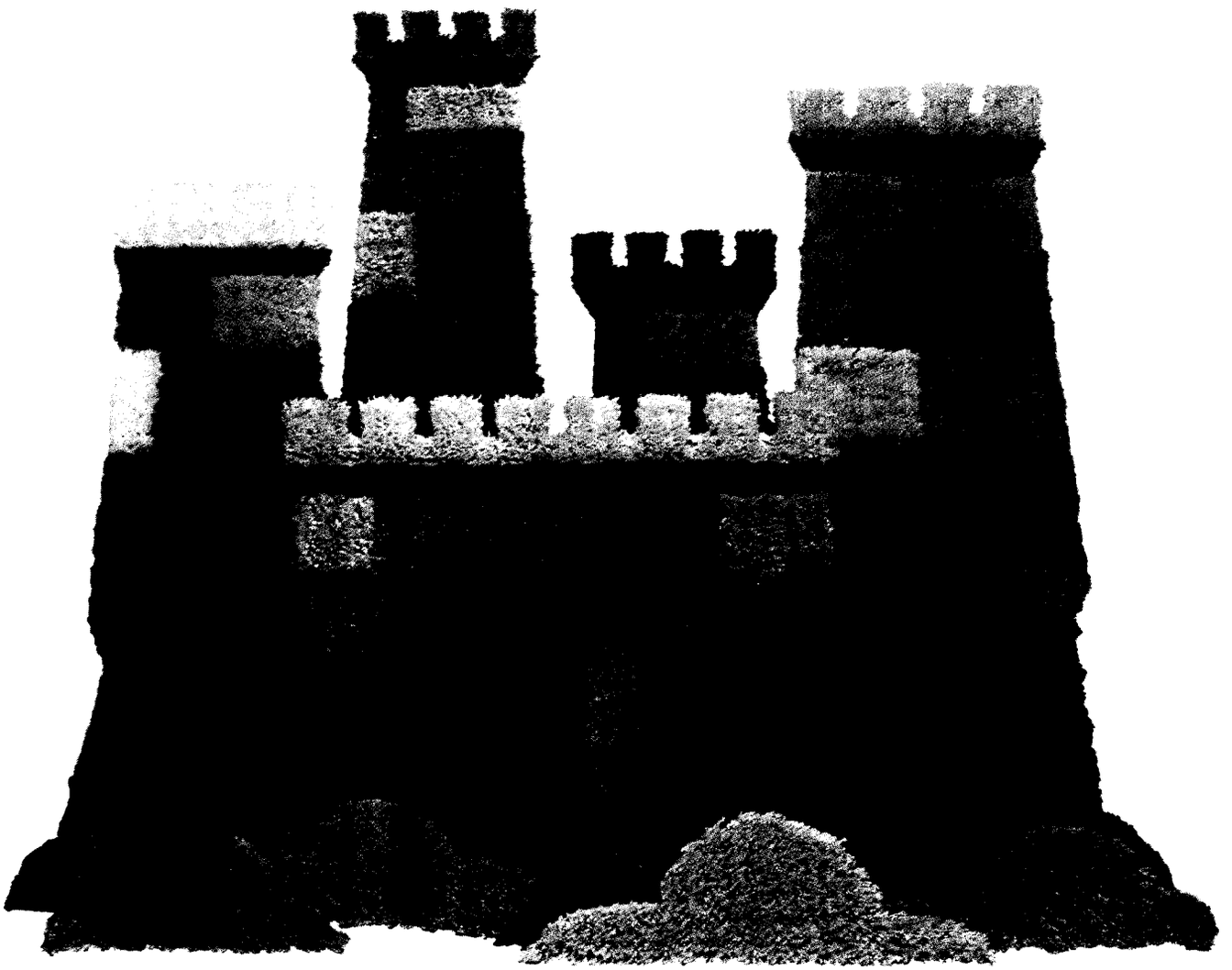

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| | tar mg. / cigarette | nicotine mg. / cigarette |
|---|---|---|
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| Brand C Non-Filter | 23 | 1.4 |
| Brand W | 19 | 1.2 |
| Brand W 100 | 19 | 1.2 |
| Brand M | 18 | 1.1 |
| Brand S Menthol | 18 | 1.2 |
| Brand S Menthol 100 | 18 | 1.2 |
| Brand BH 100 | 18 | 1.0 |
| Brand M Box | 17 | 1.0 |
| Brand K Menthol | 17 | 1.4 |

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

| | tar mg. / cigarette | nicotine mg. / cigarette |
|---|---|---|
| Brand P Box | 15 | 0.8 |
| Brand K Mild | 14 | 0.9 |
| Brand W Lights | 13 | 0.9 |
| Brand M Lights | 13 | 0.8 |
| Brand D | 13 | 0.9 |
| Brand D Menthol | 11 | 0.8 |
| Brand V Menthol | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand V | 10 | 0.7 |
| Brand M Menthol | 8 | 0.5 |
| Brand M | 8 | 0.5 |
| **Carlton Soft Pack** | **1** | **0.1** |
| **Carlton Menthol** | **less than 1** | **0.1** |
| **Carlton Box** | **less than *1** | ***0.1** |

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